



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS to you, my dears, and a very Happy New Year!

And now, before we begin the paragraphs let us give three rousing cheers for ST. NICHOLAS. All join in. Hip, hip, hurrah!

Once more,— Again,— Ha! ha! that was a good one. Now you shall hear what the birds have been telling me:

A FLOATING COLLEGE.

SOMEBODY has started a new idea. He proposes that, as a change from stationary colleges, there shall be a steamship fitted up just like a college on dry land in every respect, except that it is to be set afloat and sent wandering about the world. In this way students may study geography by going right to the spot, and in fact see for themselves all that they are studying about this funny globe and its men and manners. Pretty good idea; but I'm afraid the freshman class will be hanging over the edge of the—college, in a wilted condition, most of the time; that they'll get sick of the thing, in short. I told a sea-gull friend of mine about it the other day and he said it was his opinion that the land-gulls were getting rather ahead this time.

HE BEGAN IT FIRST.

WE Jack-in-the-Pulpits get heartily tired of the never-ending quarrel as to whether "Katy-did" or "Katy didn't." But I'm told that humankind have queer ways, too, in their disputes and tiffs. They're very apt to think that if *they* don't begin a fight they've a right to keep it up in about any way they choose. A dear old crow lately told me this true story about a boy named Harry, who used to get angry very quickly and revenge himself right off. His parents usually made light of his quarrels if Harry only said of the other fellow "he began it first." So it came to be a common excuse with him. Once he went with his mother to visit a rich family who had mirrors reaching from the ceiling

to the floor. Harry had never seen such things before. It was a very hot summer day, and as the little fellow soon became tired of playing by himself in the sun, he slipped into the quiet parlor, and lying down on a sofa opposite one of these big mirrors, fell asleep. After a while he awoke; rubbing his eyes as he stood up, he saw a boy rubbing his eyes, too. He looked at him wonderingly, then fiercely, and the boy looked just as fiercely at him. In a moment Harry doubled up his fist, and the boy did the same. This was too much to bear and he darted towards the boy (as he thought) and dashing his fist against the mirror, broke it in a thousand pieces.

Hearing the crash, his mother ran in from the next room, and poor Harry, picking himself up, all scratched and bleeding, cried out, "He began it first."

THE FOOLISH TADPOLES.

TALKING of quarrels reminds me of two tadpoles I heard wrangling one day in our pond.

Tadpoles are the queerest looking things that ever swam—no legs at all, very long tails, bright black eyes, round bodies, and thin skins.

Said the larger tadpole to the smaller, "I do wish I had legs just to kick *you* with. You're the sauciest tadpole I ever saw."

"What did I do to you?" asked the other.

"You know what you did," replied the larger; "You made faces at me."

"I did n't," said the small one.

"You did; and awful faces, too," said the other; "I'm so mad I feel as though I could burst, and now, I think of it again, I *will* burst!" And he *did* burst; and his skin fell off. Next his tail began to disappear, and he displayed four lovely legs!

"Well, I never!" said the small tadpole, "Where *did* you get those legs? And, now that you have got them, are you going to kick me?"

"When I wanted to kick *you*," answered the other, puffing himself out until he was as round as a ball, "I was a tadpole. Now, I am a F R O G, and you are beneath my notice! Swim away, sonny."

THE PACIFIC CABLE.

YOU know that we have an Atlantic cable to bring us news every morning of what the kings and emperors and the peoples of Europe are doing day by day. Across the blue Atlantic ocean, three thousand miles wide, the telegraph wires are stretched, and people on either side can talk with one another, as if they were near neighbors.

And before many months there is to be a Pacific cable; yes, across the great ocean, ten thousand miles wide, that lies between America and Asia

When this long cable is stretched across under the waves, your papa will read to your mamma at breakfast, all about the important events that have

happened in Japan and China the day before; and you children can order your Chinese fire-crackers by telegraph.

QUIPS AND CATCHES.

HERE are some hints for a good time when you're sitting with the folks around the fire. A magpie told them to a friend of mine:

The Reverend Mr. Duzzen, when asked how many little girls he had, replied, "I've seven boys, and a sister for each." How many children had he?

Why, eight, of course. But I'll wager most Jacks would say fourteen. Try them.

A blind beggar had a brother. The brother died. But the deceased never had a brother. Now what relation was the blind beggar to the deceased?

(Whisper.)—His SISTER.

Jabez slept on the very top floor of the cottage. Now, what was the reason he always got *up* to breakfast and always went *down* to dinner?

Ans.—Because he had a good appetite.

I was half an hour trying to guess that. If there's anything I do dread it is a ridiculous, chattering magpie.

A parrot-friend of mine, who pronounces her words abominably, once asked me what amphibious animal I'd make, if I were to smash a clock. When I gave it up, she said, "Why, you'd *crack a dial*, of course. Pretty Poll!"

BAD READING.

THE other day a little chap sat near my neighbor Sumac, reading a book. And, when suddenly he saw his father coming along, he clapped the book out of sight, and stood up in great confusion, waiting for his father to pass by. Now, I did n't like that; and I herewith advise that boy, and all other boys, never to read anything they're ashamed of. Open out every page you read, full and free in God's light and presence, as you must, and if it is n't fit to be opened so, don't read it at all.

Bad reading is a deadly poison; and I, for one, would like to see the poisoners—that is, the men who furnish it—punished like any other murderers;—yes, and more,—for it's worse to kill the soul than to kill the body.

In my opinion, parents are not half watchful enough in this matter, and if I were you young folks, I would n't stand it.

EASY SPELLING LESSON FOR BIG FOLK.

I HEARD some fun the other day. Half a dozen youngsters were down our meadow with a couple of teachers digging for sassafras roots. After a while they sat down close by me to rest, and one of the boys, as mischievous a little chap as you'll see in a month of Sundays, took a bit of paper out of his pocket and says to the teachers: "Would you mind saying an easy spellin' lesson to us children,

sirs?" "Certainly not," said the teachers, looking very much astonished.

By the way, I ought to tell you that the teachers, just before, had been asking some school questions of the children, and looking very solemn and disappointed because the poor little things could n't answer them.

"It's a *very* easy lesson, sirs," said Hal, the mischievous youngster; "none of 'em over four letters, and my papa says they're all good words out of Webster's big dictionary, not obsolete either."

"*Obsolete*, Hal," corrected the teacher, in a bland but awful voice.

"*Obsolete*, sir," said Hal, meekly; so he opened out the bit of paper and began to "hear the teachers," with the other five children all looking over his shoulder.

"Spell and define, *GITH*."

"G-i-t-h, *gith*," said the teachers, but they could n't give any definition.

"*GOWT*."

"G-o-u-t," said the teachers.

"Wrong," says Hal; "it's *G-o-w-t*." But the teachers did n't know of any such word.

Well, Hal kept on the list, and only two words in the whole lot could those teachers answer! They laughed in spite of themselves, and it seemed as if the children would have fits. As for me, I shook so that I frightened off three butterflies who were going to alight on my shoulder.

Here's Hal's list. Suppose you try it on some of the big folks in your neighborhood. Turn about is fair play:

SARD ANIL ALB AWN NOG NEB GEST
DOIT OST HIN HOLM WHIN OUCH GOWT
AGIO GITH AI SHAG AIT ANTA HOLT

FLOWER CROSSES BY THE WAY-SIDE.

HERE is something about Brittany, in France. Many of the little boys and girls, who live there, watch, all day long, the cows in the fields, or flocks of sheep on the hills. But the hours would be tedious if they sat with their hands folded all the time. So, while sitting on the green earth, watching the cows sleepily chewing their cud, or the sheep browsing on the grass, the little peasants busy themselves in making flower crosses. They always form the cross with the branches of the furze, and then fasten to its thorns daisies and the pretty flowers of the broom; and when the cross is done, they set it up by the way-side in the hedge fences. Sometimes a long row of these flower crosses may be seen on the hedges. Do you know what Jack thinks? Jack thinks that it's a very good plan to set up flower crosses along the hedges of life; and that, when real flowers are scarce, these crosses can be made of kind looks and pleasant words. Is n't it so, my dears?

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

JUST now, in anticipation of the holidays, the publishers are showering down their gift-books by the dozen, in bindings gay as autumn leaves. One would almost think ST. NICHOLAS had tumbled his whole library out for the benefit of his boys and girls; for the very prettiest of all are for them; but, of course, the dear old saint cannot be expected to put on his glasses, and read them, every one, with his own eyes. He seems to take it for granted that whatever is written for his little folks will be sweet and wholesome, and he leaves it for the parents and friends to select the book that suits them best. In this, some are guided by the publishers, some by the author's name, and some by the color of the binding. But, alas! a gay binding is often a delusion, and even an author's name may occasionally mislead one as to the nature of a book. Take, for example, Miss Phelps' new story, in its gold and purple covers, just issued by Osgood & Co., of Boston.

Miss Phelps is a delightful writer, and her fearless pen has done good service in many a worthy cause; but, for all that, we cannot help feeling that *Trotty's Wedding Tour* is a sad mistake. Some of us have heard of Trotty before, how he married Miss Nita Thayer; and he is the same foolish boy still. If he goes on as he has begun, he hardly can fail to become either a Blue Beard or a Brigham Young. But, poor little fellow! he is to be pitied rather than blamed; for, certainly of himself, so mere a baby could never have learned the meaning of duels and divorces. If he were the Last Boy, then the Last Man and his wife could afford to be very much amused by him; but, for the sake of all little boys and girls, present and to come, we are sorry his history has been invented.

We turn with a sense of relief from Trotty and his unhappy little wives to *Whittier's Child-Life, in Prose*, published by the same house.

"The soul of genius and the heart of childhood are one," says the poet-editor; and the book is a collection of some of the daintiest and brightest bits of genius to be found in children's literature. As in "*Child-Life in Poetry*,"—the companion book to the present volume,—Mr. Whittier has been assisted by Miss Lucy Larcom, of whose taste and judgment he makes grateful mention in the preface; and the thanks of our little folk are due to both these gentle friends.

The book is handsomely bound and illustrated; and boys and girls who now turn its pages with delight, will like it better and better as the years go on.

Matt's Follies, and other stories, by Mary N. Prescott, is another handsome volume from Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co.

Though Matt is a "live" boy, up to mischief in every shape and form, we like him immensely; but we pity Aunt Jane, and hope that, for her sake, at least, the young man will try to mend his ways.

All the stories in this book are bright, happy and wholesome.

From Robert Carter & Bros. comes *Fanny's Birthday Gift*, by that charming writer, Joanna H. Mathews.

One of the heroes of this pleasant story is Robbie, Fanny's little brother, who, on her birthday, presents to her a picture of his own execution. Like many another production of genius, it is something of a puzzle at first, but proves, according to Robbie's explanation to be "Balaam's ass carryin' on and kickin' up like anything, 'cause the Philistines tied a tin kettle to his tail; and George Washington, who was always kind to animals, was tryin' to take it off." How Fanny kept a straight face when that picture was explained, it is hard to see; but she did,—the book says so,—and thanked the little artist just as heartily as she thanked the others for their more elegant gifts.

There is a book—*Stedman's Poems*—just published by Osgood & Co.—which we have read with great satisfaction, and which, though it is not a child's book, we should like to see given to every young person we know. The poems all are in pure, simple English, and nearly all have a grand story to tell. Better still, they are the songs of a true poet,—an American poet,—who, ripe scholar and man of the world that he is, still cherishes his youth, and has an echo in his ringing verse for all that is highest in the heart of a noble boy or girl.

Children of the Olden Time, re-published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., is an out-of-the-common and instructive book, by the author of "*A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam*," and one of the most fascinating little volumes we have seen for many a day. Though dedicated to the children of England, it will be equally attractive to the children on this side of the ocean.

Five tasteful books come to our table, just as this number of ST. NICHOLAS is going to press:

The first, *What Katy Did at School* (Roberts Bros.), is a sequel to *What Katy Did*, by good

Susan Coolidge, who holds one of the brightest and bravest pens that ever wrote for young readers.

The second is, *Giles' Minority*, by Mrs. Robert O'Reilly, whose *Doll World* is a delight to all real girls and women.

The third, by Mrs. Eiloart (from G. P. Putnam's Sons), is called, *The Boy with an Idea*,—

a good many ideas, we should say, judging from the table of contents, which is a boy's novel in itself. And then there are two others, (from Macmillan & Co). *Queer Folk*, by Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen, who wrote "Tales at Tea-time," and other funny books; and *Young Prince Marigold*, by John Francis Maguire.

THE RIDDLE BOX.

REBUS.



NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 20 letters:

1. My 12, 13, 15, 7, 8, 20. Hark! how merrily they ring on this crisp Christmas morn.
2. My 16, 17, 1, 5. A twinkling little light, that led the Eastern seekers to our Lord.
3. My 18, 15, 10, 17, 13. Dear St. Nick to the hearts of his patrons brings this!
4. My 2, 3. Little reader, it's only I!
5. My 9, 19, 11. Light in this form was the key to a grand discovery.
6. My 12, 13, 8, 14, 4, 6. A tree or its fruit. My whole, dear friend, sincerely I wish you.

CHARADE.

My first comes from the Emerald Isle,
Or else is given in play;
My second is a useful grain,
Or else a crooked way.

My last is silver, paper, shell.
Sometimes 't is ruddy gold;
Or else it is a Scottish word—
At least, so we are told.

My whole, though hoarded by the sire,
Is wasted by the son.
With all the hints that I now give,
My meaning must be won.

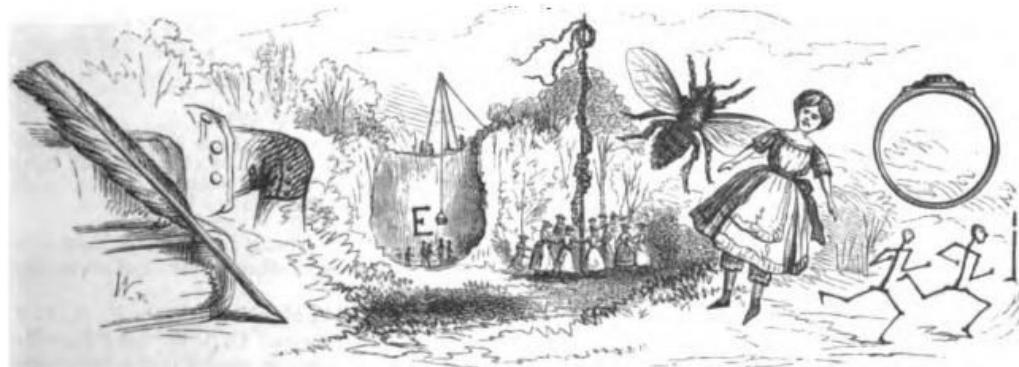
SYNCOPEATION.

My name, as you will plainly see,
Denotes a flower, but not a tree;
Syncopate, then give me hay,
And you can ride me far away.

CROSS WORD.

My first is in bugle, but not in horn.
My second in meal, but not in corn.
My third is in oyster, but not in clam.
My fourth is in sheep, but not in lamb.
My fifth is in cut, but not in shave.
My sixth is in good, but not in brave.
My seventh is in dance, but not in jig.
My eighth is in sloop, but not in brig.
My ninth is in prune, but not in fig.
The letters placed rightly, all clear and distinct.
Will show you a quadruped long since extinct.

REBUS.



REBUS.



HIDDEN PARTS OF A BUILDING.

1. No one should be a miser.
2. It is a shame to shun the poor.
3. Did you ever see a vessel wrecked?
4. You will find your uncle at home.
5. One who is uncivil is illbred.
6. I bought some meal at Chandler's.
7. Oh! what fine potatoes! I will take a bushel for Father.
8. Stop! O stop! that idle talk!

PUZZLE.

I AM useful on the farm, and on shipboard. Transpose me, and I am not out of place on your tables. Change me to my original form, and remove my middle, and I become a part of your face. What am I?

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES AND PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

CLASSICAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.—Narcissus.

N			
P	A	N	
L	A	R	E
A	G	A	C
R	C	C	L
C	I	I	E
S	S	S	
T	H	E	S
E	E	S	
S	S	E	
B	E	R	
E	S	S	
F	U	R	
U	R	R	
R	U	U	
S	U	U	

CHARADE.—Season.

HIDDEN SQUARE WORDS.—

z	e	s	t
e	c	h	o
s	h	o	
t	o	w	
o	w	n	

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Diamond-Emerald.

D	—anub—	E
I	—te—	M
A	—rticl—	E
M	—urdere—	R
O	—lla Podrid—	A
N	—umera—	L
D	—avi—	D

ELLIPSES.

(FILL the blanks with the same words transposed.)

1. He sits and ____ over his ____.
2. The poor child could only ____ through her ____.
3. They kept on the ____ so as to ____ their position.
4. With his ____ he killed three ____.
5. ____ sometimes wound worse than the ____.
6. The ____ flew to the ____ for shelter.
7. The ____ was walking on the ____.
8. She was very clean, and had much ____ ____.

STAR PUZZLE.

ARRANGE eight words, having the following significations, so as to read the same up and down, vertically; east and west, horizontally; and, diagonally, right and left, up and down:

1. To indent.
2. To put on.
3. To broach.
4. To marry.
5. Extremity.
6. To bend the head.
7. Convenient.
8. Moisture.

DECAPITATION.

IN summer's heat and winter's cold,
I'm worn by many, young and old;
Cut off my head, and then behold!
I'm better far than finest gold,
And never bought, and never sold.

CHARADE.

MY first can be a useful slave,
Obedient to your will;
Yet let him once the master be,
He'll ruin, rage, and kill.

To do my second through the air
All men have tried in vain,
And yet it may be often seen
Upon your window-pane.

My whole on summer nights is seen
A fairy lamp to light the green.

SQUARE REMAINDERS.—

T—rue
T—urn
L—end

REBUS.—Napoleon. (Nap-pole-on.)

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Plum-tree: Parrot, ladder, umbrella, mule.

POSITIVES AND COMPARATIVES.—

1. Charge, charger.
2. Scamp, scamper.
3. Lad, ladder.
4. Tell, teller.
5. Barb, barber.
6. Din, dinner.

PUZZLE.—Curious Epitaph:

The milk of human kindness was my own dear cherub wife;
I'll never find another one as good in all my life.
She bloomed, she blossomed, she decayed,
And under this tree her body is laid.

SEVERAL of our young friends have sent answers to the Geographical Rebus and other puzzles, and we were glad to hear from them all.

Johnny A., F. E. M., N. O. P., L. P., A. F. E., and A. W. are correct in their answers. O. A. W. and "New Yorkers" sent the longest lists of names in answer to the Geographical Rebus.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

OLD PROBABILITIES announces that February may be expected. All right. Let it come; ST. NICHOLAS is ready for it.

Somebody has written asking Jack to tell you everything about St. Valentine's day. What does he take me for? Just as if my poor children would n't hear enough about it without their own faithful Jack shaking an encyclopædia at them. Why, every newspaper in the country will have a column about it, and the readers are respectfully expected to let it go in one eye and out of the other, so that they'll be ready to read the account all over again next February. No, no! Jack won't pester you, dear friends, with the story of the good saint who never dreamed of such a thing as a valentine, nor quote old rhymes to you about the birds that went a-mating; but he just hopes you'll get all the valentines you want, and that they'll be as pretty and sweet and lively as the song of the Bob-o'-link. So no more at present on that subject.

THE BOY AND GIRL IN THE MOON.

SUCH queer things as the birds do tell me! You have seen the man in the moon, and heard his story, perhaps, how he was banished there for gathering sticks on the Sabbath day. But I'm told that in Sweden the peasants' children see, instead of the man, a boy and a girl in the moon, bearing between them a pail of water. This is on account of an old Scandinavian legend, which means a legend known to Sweden and Norway in ancient times, when their name was Scandinavia. Well, the legend says that Mâni, the moon, stole these two children while they were drawing water from a well. Their names were Hjnki and Bil. They were lifted up to the moon along with the bucket and the well-pole, and placed where they could be seen from the earth. When next you look at the round, full moon, remember this story,

and if you have imagination enough, perhaps you will see Hjnki and Bil with their pail of water.

CAROLINE AND MARY.

Two pretty little girls? No indeed. An English sparrow told me about them. Colonel Caroline Scott was a very corpulent, very active, very gentle, and useful man who, according to a British writer, "died a sacrifice to the public in the service of the East India Company," about a hundred and twenty years ago. There was another man, a Captain Caroline Scott, famous for his cruel deeds among the Scotch Highlanders; but Jack prefers the Colonel. As for Mary, *his* last name was Voltaire. He had other Christian names too, and these appear to have been the only Christian things about him. He had a great head of his own, or rather a great brain in his little head: but he was wanting in faith, so the poor fellow wrote seventy learned books about it. And at last he died from taking too big a dose of something to make him sleep.

I hope none of my little Marys will write seventy volumes, and be kept awake by such thinkings and doubtings as troubled poor Voltaire.

QUEER TALKING.

You boys and girls, just before the shirt-collar and back-hair age, manage to twist words in a comical way. Often I have a good time listening to the wee folk who come to our meadow.

One day a little girl, seeing, in the last part of one of her Christmas books, that a sequel to it would soon be published, called out to a playmate, "O, Kitty! is n't this nice? *My new book's got a squeal to it!*"

But she was quite accurate, compared with a little bit of a boy, who came to the creek with some other children, one day last summer, to look for water cresses.

"I'm goin' to take a awful lot o' cresses home to mamma," he said, trudging along as briskly as his fat little legs would allow; "'cause my mamma's got a *fidgetator*, what'll keep everything as cold as ice, to put 'em in. Your mamma got one?"

"No, she aint," answered a tow-headed little chap; "but she's got a steel egg-beater!"

"Ho! a leg-beater!" shouted my wee youngster, turning squarely about to look at the speaker. "What's that for?"

"Why, to beat eggs with, you goosey!"

"Ho!" screeched the little chap, in great scorn. "She'd better look out! If she goes to beatin' eggs she'll break 'em. Eggs is brittler than anything. Guess you 'most don't know what you're talkin' 'bout!"

HOUSE-BREAKING AND BURGLARY.

WHAT do you think a magpie once told me? He said there was a decided difference between house-breaking and burglary. I thought he ought to know, since the magpie family have no great reputation for honesty; but of course I didn't say so, as he was my guest. According to his account, burglary is a night-time offence, and house-breaking belongs to the day. He said I'd find that he was right if I looked in the dictionary; but I didn't happen to have one by me just then. How is it? Jack does n't recommend either of these little practices as a profession; but it's well to know something about them. Young magpie insisted that Blackstone, a great fellow among the lawyers, said there could be no burglary in the day-time.

QUANTITY OF SALT IN THE OCEAN.

EVERYBODY knows that the waters of the ocean are very salt to the taste; but how many of you have thought of the immense quantities of salts of different kinds that must be in the Atlantic and the Pacific to give a flavor to such enormous bodies of water?

Scientific men have thought about it; and one of them (Captain Maury) has told us that if all the various salts of these oceans could be separated from the water and spread out equally over the northern half of this continent, they would form a covering *one mile deep*. So heavy would be this mass of salts that all the mechanical inventions of man, aided by all the steam and all the water power in the world, could not move it so much as one inch in even centuries of time.

Dear me! I'm glad Jack-in-the-Pulpits are not marine plants. We'd be in pretty pickle if we were.

A HINDOO LETTER.

YOU all have heard of the late Governor Seward, I suppose, and how, though he was an old man, he made a journey around the world, and afterward wrote a big book about it. Did you ever hear of the letter he received from a Maharajah of Hindostan, the richest and one of the most distinguished men of the country? This letter was only a friendly line to Governor Seward, requesting the honor of a visit; but think of the style! It was written by the great Maharajah's secretary, in beautiful Arabic characters, on gilt paper. The envelope was not like those used in America, but was a bag of the finest *kinco*; that is, a kind of silk, woven stiff with golden threads, and costing about seventy-five dollars a yard. The bag and the letter within it were perfumed with costly attar of roses, and the whole was tied with a silken cord, on which was suspended the great waxen seal of

the kingdom, principality, or state of Puttenla. This seal alone weighed four ounces.

Somebody sent President Grant a postal card the other day. I wonder what His Magnificent Highness the Maharajah would think of *that*.

COLD WEATHER TALK.

I HAD a snow-bird reception not long ago. My! how the little creatures did hop about from one subject to another! They left my head in a whirl; but I'm inclined to think there's reason in a good deal that they told me. For instance, it appears that troops of boys and girls are made ill now-a-days by throwing off their coats and cloaks when overheated in skating, and then sitting down to rest without first putting them on again,—kneeling down on the cold ice to put on their skates, too! It does n't seem possible; but I've actually seen youngsters do it!

Fortunate, is n't it? that ice, in forming, fills itself full of air needles, in some way, so that it is light enough to float on the water. If it was n't for this, it would sink as fast as it formed, and the lakes and rivers would soon be solid ice from top to bottom, and then ten suns could n't melt them.

By the way, we had quite a discussion as to why icebergs *turn over* as they do. Some of us held that an iceberg, as its top melted, had nothing to do but settle itself in the water, according to its own weight and shape, and others of us held that it appeared to be otherwise. I forgot which side I was on. What do you think about it, my dears?

Another subject came up, which I promised to mention: The birds take it very kindly when children throw out crumbs for them this cold weather.

EIGHT NEW CONUNDRUMS.

HERE are some brand-new conundrums from my friend Jack Daw:

Who is our most distant relation? Our Aunt Tipodes.

Why should a Spaniard be the most enduring of mortals? Because he loves Spain.

Why are E and A like good people? Because they meet in heaven.

When is a poor white like a Guinea negro? When he lives in Ashantee.

When is an artist a very poor artist? When he can't draw a check.

What is the difference between an article put up at auction and sin? One is bid for, and the other forbid.

Why does one become a spiritualist in cold weather? Because he then believes in wrappings.

When a man turns his horses to pasture, what color does he change them to? He turns them in to graze (grays).

MISCHIEF IN THE STUDIO.

A PANTOMIME IN TWO SCENES.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

CHARACTERS.

A CROSS OLD ARTIST, in dressing gown, white wig, and spectacles.

ERNEST (his son), in linen blouse and knee breeches.

CLARIBEL, a poor peasant girl, beloved by ERNEST, dressed in white waist, blouse, red skirt.

A MILKMAN, in straw hat and shirt sleeves.

A BOY and a GIRL, disguised as statues of HERCULES and the FISHER MAIDEN.

THE statues are draped in cotton sheets, the hands and arms covered with white gloves sewed upon old stocking-legs, the faces chalked with lily white; the boy has a wig made of cotton-wadding, the girl has a similar one ornamented with braids of cotton flannel. He holds a club made of cotton cloth stuffed with rags; she holds a fishing-pole covered with cloth, with a white twine line and a pin hook on the end of it.

Before putting on his wig, the artist must have his head covered with a tight-fitting oiled-silk cap, and he uses a large ear-trumpet. The milkman has a can of chalk and water, which is sometimes used to imitate milk, and a quart measure.

The room is arranged to resemble a studio; a large easy-chair in centre of the room, at the left of which is a table covered with a cloth. Directly behind the table is an easel holding a picture-frame, upon the back side of which is tacked a dark brown cambric curtain, fastened only at the top edge of the frame on the back side, so arranged that it may be lifted up at the bottom to admit a person who thus represents a picture, the body being concealed by the table which stands close before the easel. A large picture of a cat and a hideous face are pasted upon a sheet of pasteboard, the edges of which are cut out to fit the picture. The person who has stood for the picture can easily stoop behind the table and pass up the pictures behind the frame and in front of the hanging curtain, so that the pictures will change instantly. The statues each stand in the two back corners of the room, each upon a table covered with a sheet; their eyes must be closed, and they must stand as still as possible. A palette and a few brushes lie upon the table in front of the easel, and a few books and pieces of music in confusion; also, a plate and two cups and saucers.

If an easel is not at hand, two strips of wood four inches wide, eight feet long, nailed at the top in the form of a letter A, with a cross-bar to hold the picture, will do as well. The lower edge of the picture may rest on the back edge of the table, and must be no higher.

THE PANTOMIME.

SCENE I.

The ARTIST enters; moves cautiously around as if listening for some one; thinks he hears footsteps; hides behind the table, so that the large end of his ear-trumpet

rests upon it, while the small end is at his ear. MILKMAN enters, measures a quart of milk, fills the cups and looks around for a dish to hold the rest, sees trumpet, looks pleased, pours the milk into it. ARTIST jumps up, beats him with the trumpet, and drives him from the room, still pursuing him.

Enter ERNEST and CLARIBEL. She sits down in the chair, and he offers to paint her portrait, and pretends to paint on the brown cambric curtain, after looking at her very lovingly. After painting a few moments, he goes up to CLARIBEL and kneels, as if asking her to be his wife. The ARTIST enters, is very angry, and parts them, leading CLARIBEL out by one door and his son by the other. They seem very sad, and go very unwillingly. He begins to paint; ERNEST enters, and begs him to cease; he shakes his head, and stamps his foot as if very angry, and chases his son out.

SCENE II.

Same as before, except that CLARIBEL stands in the frame, and ERNEST gazes upon the picture with delight. The ARTIST enters; drags him away from the easel by the left hand. While their backs are turned away from the picture, CLARIBEL stoops behind the table and pushes up the picture of the cat into the frame in her place, so that when the ARTIST reproves ERNEST for painting the portrait of his love, they turn and behold the change. Both show surprise and fear, for whenever the ARTIST turns away the picture is altered; sometimes the young lady's face, and sometimes one of the other pictures appears. The ARTIST seems astonished, and gradually becomes much alarmed.

He passes by the statue of HERCULES, and is prostrated by a blow from his club; sitting upon the floor, he looks up and the statue is immovable. This action is repeated each time the ARTIST gets up, which may occur twice. ERNEST passes behind him, fastens the pin hook to his wig, and the ARTIST beholds it sailing through the air on the statue's fish-pole. He seems perfectly amazed, and points from one statue to the other, as if asking the reason for their strange behavior. ERNEST kneels, and places his hand on his heart, and points from the picture to the statues, as if to say that all will be right if he is allowed to have CLARIBEL, whose portrait now appears again in the frame. The ARTIST nods his assent. CLARIBEL comes out from behind the frame; ERNEST takes her hand, and shakes hands with each of the statues to show that they are confederates.

ERNEST and CLARIBEL kneel before the ARTIST in the centre of the room. He joins their hands, and holds his ear-trumpet above them as if in blessing. The statues bow and the curtain falls.

THE RIDDLE BOX.

REBUS, No. 1.



On board of a steamer, at latitude, $40^{\circ} 35' N.$; longitude, $30^{\circ} 11' W.$ from Greenwich, you can see the above.

A CHESS PUZZLE.

PERCY STARRE sends this ingenious chess puzzle, found pasted on the back of an old Chess Book. By beginning at the right word, and going from square to square as a knight moves, he has found eight lines of poetry.

board	est	were	rious	nev	thy	might	tor
umphs	vic	with	on	the	hail	er	troops
lead	quer'd	price	rals	glo	ier	vic	thou
to	tri	the	man	his	gene	to	er
che	ed	won	of	on	by	than	less
his	ry	up	wars	y	blood	ring	ty
aid	while	mor	le	lone	tain	blood	na
hail	on	un	thou	phy	po	a	cer

REBUS, No. 2.



CHARADE.

My first, a holy man or maid,
Sought peace in hermit cell;
My second, by the Norsemen bold,
Was thought in streams to dwell.
My third, in our surprise or joy,
Is but an exclamation;
My last in kirtle and in snood,
Is of the Scottish nation.
My whole has been to children dear
For many a Christmas season;
And if I fail to please them now,
I've neither rhyme nor reason.

QUERIES.

1. Out of what two words, containing not more than eleven letters, can you get over twenty pronouns?
2. Out of what word of five letters can you get eight verbs?

CONCEALED PROVERB.

Come, sister, with me, where the daisies grow;
If there's nothing to hinder, let us go;
But a little time we will stay.
There's a wood that's full of fairies and elves,
We can stay there awhile to rest ourselves;
It is only a little way.

"CULPRIT FAY" ENIGMA.

The whole, composed of 31 letters, shows what the Lily-King's throne stood upon.

My 17, 5, 11, 24, 2, was the name of the court where the culprit, Fay, was tried.

My 12, 4, 25, 19, was what the "shapes of air around him cast."

My 25, 1, 4, 16, 17, 18, was what his poor little wings were.

My 9, 3, 8, 24, 14, 26, 27, worked him much evil.

My 3, 23, 21, 3, 13, 24, 27, 29, was one of the creatures that "stunned his ears."

My 11, 30, 26, 18, shows how he went "to the beach again."

My 9, 28, 17, 6, 31, was his boat.

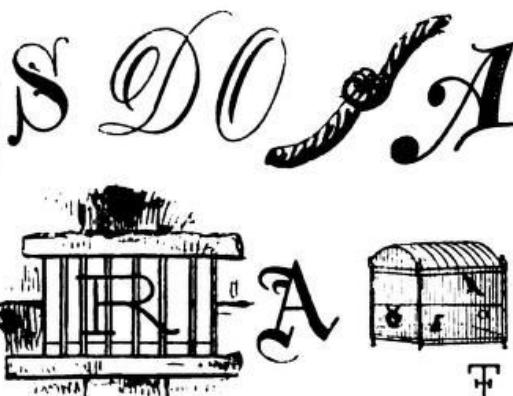
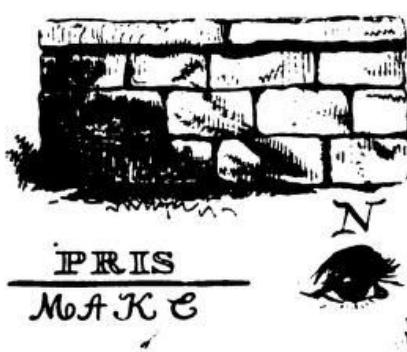
My 22, 20, 7, 18, was his steed.

My 27, 3, 10, 19, 15, 26, 18, was the complexion of said steed.

PARAPHRASE.

White parts of speech
churned cream negative equality clips.

REBUS, No. 3.



THREE EASY CHARADES.

1. My first is a part of the human frame ;
My second an exercise or a game ;
My whole a sin, a loss, and a shame.
2. Find my first, a feature, my second, a sphere,
And my whole a part of my first will appear.
3. My first is a verb in the present tense ;
My second a verb in the past ;
My whole is a pretty play, and hence
Some child will guess it at last.

TEN CONCEALED RIVERS.

Run, Ida, arouse Alfred, and tell him there is a horse in Ed's corn-field, a grizzly bear on his potato-patch in the yard, and one rather fat deer in the corner next to the barn, on the other side of the fence.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

REBUS.—"Old Mother Hubbard,
Went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone."

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—A merry, merry Christmas.

CHARADE.—Patrimony.

SYNCOPE.—Peony, pony.

CROSS WORD.—Glyptodon.

REBUS.—"A penny in pity may be a dollar in grace."

REBUS.—"Think well of the bridge that carries you safely over."

HIDDEN PARTS OF A BUILDING.—1.—Beam. 2.—Sash. 3.—

Eaves. 4.—Cleat. 5.—Sill. 6.—Latch. 7.—Shelf. 8.—Post.

PUZZLE.—Chain, china, chin.

ELLIPSIS.—1.—Mopes, poems. 2.—Stare, tears. 3.—Alert, alter.
4.—Sabre, bears. 5.—Words, sword. 6.—Snipe, pines. 7.—Horse, shore. 8.—Latent, talent.

STAR PUZZLE:



DECAPITATION.—Glove, love.

CHARADE, No. 2.—Firefly.

Correct answers to puzzles in ST. NICHOLAS have been received from L. Phelps, "Wrentham," Bessie Pedder, Saidie F. Davis,

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

The 4th, with his 6th, awoke the 5th. Her husband rushed out of the 3d, seized the 2d, and with a 7th sent it at the offender's head ; it stunned him, and 1st and 9th (combined) carried him 8th for dinner. The man tore his coat in the scuffle, and the 5th, having the perpendicular letters in her pocket, mended it for him.

DECAPITATIONS.

Fill the first blank with the complete word, and decapitate at each succeeding blank.

EXAMPLE.—He tried to — (1) himself for the — (2), but came within an — (3) of giving it up.
(1) brace, (2) race, (3) ace.

1. Hunting for my —
Made me very —
And I scarcely —
Anything —
2. If you subject — to — you may — it.
3. Please give the — the — meal — once.

PUZZLES.

1. I have wings and I fly, though I'm not called a bird.
2. I am part of a hundred (e'en more than the third).
3. I am "A Number 1" with the most of mankind.
4. In France and in Germany me you will find.
5. My fifth in your hand you may frequently see,
And my whole it is dreary and wretched to be.

Lettie Brown, Annie Groce, Gracie Reed, Joseph Bird, Minnie E. Thomas, Arthur G. S., Christine, F. B. N., Noddy Boffin, John B. Crawford, Jr., Frank B. Taylor, W. C. Ford and Frank S. Palfrey.

Answers to Riddles in December Number of "Our Young Folks."

187.—

T
D I D
T I B E R
D E N
R

188.—Clock, lock, rock, sock.

189.—"Aim to cancel all base aspirations."

190.—London.

191.—Pin. Kin. Tin. Sin. Din. Win. Bin. Fin. Gin.

192.—The damask rose.

193.—Lake, bake, Jake, cake, make, rake, take.

194.—Mastodon.

195.—"Walter on a spree."

196.—

E M M A
M K A L
M A S T
A L T O

197.—Solomon.

198.—1.—Ebro. 2.—Dwina. 3.—Ganges. 4.—Loire. 5.—Parana.

199.—Caledonians.

200.—Continue.

Sophie and William Winslow send answers to every puzzle in the December number of "Our Young Folks," and all are correct excepting 196 and 197.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

MY DEAR FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: Delighted to see you. These March winds make such a blustering time of it, starting as they always do right out of the middle of February, that I hardly can hear myself think. After all said and done, March is a sort of rocket, that shoots into the year with a whizzing, "I am Spring!" and when you kneel in the grass to look for her, you find only the dry stick. But, to business. What do you want to hear about this time? All sorts of things, eh? Well, we'll start off with

BUTTER, FROM A CLASSICAL POINT OF VIEW.

THE school-teacher says that the word butter is derived from the Greek, "buturon," which comes from "bous," a cow, and "turos," cheese; so, according to him, "butter" is broken Greek for cow-cheese. Like as not. I always did think there was something Greece-y about butter.

THE GEOLOGIST AND THE FARMER.

THERE lately lived in England a judge, who also was an enthusiastic geologist. His great delight, when he was not obliged to preside at court, was to go into the country and dig for fossils; petrified things, you must know, plants, shells and animals, that, in the course of ages, have had such a hard time of it that they've turned to stone. Well, one day, a farmer, who had once seen the judge presiding at the bench (meaning in court), happened to find him seated by the roadside on a heap of stones, which he was busily breaking in search of fossils. The farmer reined up his horse, gazed at him for a minute, shook his head, and exclaimed, in mingled tones of pity and surprise, "What, Doctor! be you come to this a'ready?"

Somebody told this story in my hearing the other day. A pretty good one, I think. If it is n't, it's old enough to know better.

A VERY BIG LEAF AND FLOWER.

I SUPPOSE thousands of my young friends read in the December number of ST. NICHOLAS an account of the Talipat Palm. Well, a very knowing bird has been telling me some interesting facts about the Talipat. He says a single leaf of this wonderful tree

sometimes measures forty feet around the edge. Think of that! He insisted that on the Malabar coast, where storms are fierce and sudden, one may often see ten or fifteen men finding shelter in a boat, over which is spread a single palm leaf, that effectually protects them all from wind and rain. And when the storm is over, the precious leaf can be folded up like a lady's fan, and is so light as to be easily carried by a man under one arm. The tree often reaches the height of two hundred feet. It lives from eighty to a hundred years, but blossoms only once during the whole period of its existence. The flower, *thirty feet in length*, bursts at maturity, with a loud explosion that may be heard miles away, and in dying scatters the seeds that are to produce the next generation of trees. Jack don't ask you to believe this without looking into the matter. The books *do* say that it is true, but the best way is to go and measure this big flower for yourselves; but you need n't bring it back for Jack to wear in his button-hole.

LEARN FROM BABY.

JACK heard a very strong young farmer say one day that his baby brother had taught him a capital lesson,—that was to *stretch* himself often. Baby did it for some wise reason, he knew; so he had followed the example. Stretching makes you grow, makes you supple and active, and is altogether a good thing. Follow the baby's plan, my dears; stretch your arms, legs, neck and body for a few moments, morning, noon and night, until further notice.

THEIRS BY RIGHT.

I GAVE a peacock a good talking to the other day for being so vain. But he made me understand that vanity was his principal merit. "For," said he, "how in the world would we peacocks look if we did n't strut? What kind of an air would our tail feathers have if we did n't spread them?" I gave in. A meek peacock would be an absurdity. Vanity evidently was meant specially for peacocks.

CHARCOAL AND DIAMONDS.

I KNOW a chimney swallow who has gone pretty deeply into things,—and what *do* you think? He says charcoal is carbon and diamonds are carbon, and that they're just the same, chemically! Think of it! ugly black charcoal and beautiful, flashing diamonds! Inquire about this, please.

TAKE IT BACK.

SEE here! I have been intending for some time to set you young folks straight on the goose question; "As silly as a goose," indeed!

Why, a goose isn't a silly bird at all; not half so silly as your ostrich, who puts his head under his wing, and then thinks nobody can see him.

Geese are as sensible, steady-going birds as I'd wish to see. Yes, and grateful, too; they like kindness as well as you do.

There's a true story told in Germany, that shows they can be depended on if they're well treated; and, I dare say, if feathered geese would stoop to writing their own autobiographies, we'd know of more such instances. Here is the story;

An old, blind woman was led every Sunday to church by a gander, which she had been in the habit of feeding. Taking hold of her gown with its bill, it led her through the village and across the fields, into the church, and when she had seated herself it retired to feed in the churchyard until service was over, when it led her home.

One day the clergyman called at her house, and during a conversation with her daughter expressed his astonishment at her allowing her mother—so old, blind and frail—to venture abroad.

"Oh, sir!" she exclaimed, "we are not afraid of trusting mother out of sight as long as the old gander is with her!"

A NEW RIDDLE.

HERE is a new riddle from J. S. T. Who can guess it?

I see with every man a thing
No man on earth has ever seen;
Yet calm reflection still would bring
It face to face with him—I ween
'T would be before him plain as day,
Yet not be what he saw, I say.

LOOKING AND SEEING.

IT is n't everybody who looks at a thing that knows how to see it. A young fellow who lives near our meadow has traveled around the world. He says he did it in six months, and saw everything that there was to be seen. Dear me! Why, once a wise man said it would take him years to look thoroughly at a square foot of grass field. There are great odds in folks. Don't you think so, my dears? Think about these two "lookers" and how differently they did their seeing.

THE REASON WHY.

LITTLE MAY lives near our creek, and often she comes down to the meadow to talk with her big brother, when he's at work. He's a very knowing man, I can tell you, for the reason that he keeps his eyes and ears open when he's out of doors, and when he is indoors he fills all his odd moments with reading.

Well, May came crying to him, the other day, to tell him how she had broken her mother's beautiful china vase. The vase was very cold, and May poured hot water into it. The poor child could not see how so simple a thing should have broken the delicate china into pieces. He tried to explain to her how all the tiny particles of the china had drawn closer together with the cold, while, if the vase had been standing by the fire they would have moved a little bit farther apart from each other; for cold contracts, while heat expands. (This you littlest folk will read about in your Natural Philosophy, some time.) Now I, being a Jack-in-the-Pulpit, could see that the vase was ever so little smaller by standing in the cold, and that pouring in the hot water would make it expand too quickly, or cause unequal expansion by the boiling water expanding the inner surface before the outside had caught the idea, thus causing it to break. But May, being only a little girl, did not have eyes sharp enough to see this, though they are

as bright as bright can be; the difference in the size of the vase in the cold or in the heat is so very, very small! But she will remember now not to pour hot water into cold china or glass, or cold water into hot china or glass, unless (now this is the great secret the big brother told to little May) she first puts into the vase, or whatever it may be, a silver spoon. The metal, he said, draws the first shock of the heat or cold to itself, and thus the glass will not be broken. Was he right?

SOMETHING JACK HAS NOTICED.

As to that last paragraph, I've often noticed something that the big brother didn't mention, which is, that in cold weather little folk, and big folk too, are apt to huddle closer together (especially in sleigh-riding times) and in warm weather they're not so likely to do it. So I suppose it would be safe to say of a crowd, that heat expands it and cold contracts it. Don't take this for an up-and-down scientific fact, my dears, until I've had a talk with the owls about it.

MEN-FASHIONS.

DO you know that some of the most striking fashions of the ladies were at first worn by gentlemen? A raven friend of mine, who spent three years in a baron's library, and ought to know, says that *muffs* were originally carried by gentlemen; also that *hoops* under the skirt were first worn by them. He says the encyclopedias all say so. Look it up, little girls. My friend Raven may be mistaken, but I'm afraid he is right.

A WISE LAW FOR JUDGES.

HERE is a little story from history:

One day the Abbé of Muncy came and presented to Saint Louis, king of France, two magnificent palfreys,—one for himself, the other for the queen.

When he had presented them he said to the king:

"Sire, I will come to-morrow to speak to you of my affairs."

The next day the Abbé came again, and the king listened to him, attentively, a long time.

When the Abbé had gone away, Joinville, the king's adviser, came to him and said:

"Sire, with your permission, I would ask you if you have listened more graciously to the Abbé of Muncy, because of the two palfreys he gave you yesterday?"

The king reflected a long time, and then said:

"In truth, yes."

"Sire," said Joinville, "do you know why I asked you this question?"

"Why?" inquired the king.

"Because I would counsel you to forbid all your judges to receive gifts from those who must plead before them, for it is certain if they accept gifts they will listen more willingly and with more kindness to those who bestow them, since even you have so listened to the Abbé of Muncy."

On his return to Paris, the king made a law forbidding judges to receive any presents.

SPECIAL DESPATCH.

I FORGOT to mention a moment ago that the answer to that new riddle is (whisper): *His own face.*

THE LETTER BOX.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., January 17, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy only eight years old; but I think I must write and tell you how much I am pleased with you. I wish you would come every week. My sister and I had to laugh about Bertie pulling the cat's tail. And then about the boys making a pond in the garret. I like that story ever so much;—it is real funny to see the water running down on the baby's head. Is it true about the Brighton cats? We have a nice big cat, named Tom. I wish I could send you his likeness to put in ST. NICHOLAS, so that all the boys and girls could see how pretty he is.

From your friend,
HARRY YOHE.

Very glad to hear from you, Harry; and from E. M. W., Georgie M. R., W. C. F., "Busy Bee," Nora A. B., and all the other friends, young and old, who have written to us about ST. NICHOLAS. Yes, Harry, the Brighton cats are really alive; and they stood for their portraits just as you see them in ST. NICHOLAS.

ELAINE'S mother sends a poem from her little girl, who, she says, is "barely ten years old." It opens with this verse :

"How enchanting 't is to ride
With my mother by my side,
Underneath the evening skies of June,
Shining with a myriad stars,—
Silvery Saturn, glowing Mars,—
And the gleaming,—golden gleaming of the moon,
How it puts my heart and voice in tune!"

Dear little Elaine! don't write verses yet, cleverly as you do them for one of your age. There is time enough for that. Put your "heart and voice in tune," dear, by frolicking in the open air; by enjoying your dolls and playmates, and by being a sweet, merry, good little girl,—and not by leaning over your desk writing verses. You'll be all the better poet for it by and by.

CLARA HANNUM writes: Is it correct to call the spectators of a pantomime *the audience*?

We think it is not. Although an assembly of persons drawn together to enjoy any public amusement is commonly called an audience, there is no authority for such a use of the word when the performance is to be seen and not heard, as in the case of a pantomime. The word audience (from the Latin, *audio*, to hear) implies that those who compose it have assembled to hear something. If they attend merely to look on, they are spectators.

ELLA MARVIN.—The editor cannot give you the information you ask for concerning the authorship of the Saxe Holm stories.

HENRY T. W.—Yes, if you assume the part of a monitor in your school, under the teacher's orders, and with the full knowledge of your schoolmates, you should do your duty and report "even your best friend," if he break the rules. But ST. NICHOLAS feels sorry for you and for every right-minded boy or girl who is ever put in such an unpleasant position.

TOM AND CLARKE MCE. (brothers) write that they have resolved to keep a careful list of all the books they read through. Fortunately, as they are very young they can remember at least the names of those they have finished up to this date. They think the list will be

very interesting to them if they live to be men, and keep it written up faithfully, especially if they always put down what they "think about the book as well as its title." They are right. Many a grown person, now-a-days, would be glad to have such a record of his or her reading. We hope that many of our girls and boys will follow Tom and Clarke's example, and that they will, every Christmas, send ST. NICHOLAS a copy of their year's list. ST. NICHOLAS has a particular reason for making this suggestion.

MINNIE L. G. says that she has made ninety-seven nouns out of the letters of the word "ILLUSTRATION," and asks the boys and girls of ST. NICHOLAS to try what they can do.

WILLIAM G. H.—If you wish to cut India rubber for the little machine you are making, you will find it is very easily done if you wet your knife-blade.

J. R. KNOX.—Common proverbs have frequently been set in very humorous rhymes. Those you send us are good, but we think you can make them better. Suppose you try. As an example of what can be done in this line, we give the following from *London Punch*:

"Observe yon plumed biped fine!
To effect his captivation,
Deposit particles saline
Upon his termination."

"Cryptogamous concretion never grows
On mineral fragments that decline repose."

"The earliest winged songster soonest sees
And first appropriates the annelides."

TIMOTHY P. writes to ST. NICHOLAS: I find in the Letter Box of the last volume of *Our Young Folks*, p. 381, this editorial reply to M. Caro Whittemore:

"The authorship of the line, 'Though lost to sight, to memory dear,' is not known."

Now, it occurs to me that M. Caro Whittemore may be a reader of ST. NICHOLAS and may still desire to have her question answered. To the best of my knowledge and belief, the oft-quoted line alluded to originated with Ruthven Jenkyns, and was first published in the *Greenwich Magazine for Marines* in 1701 or 1702. The *Machias Republican* (1873) asserts this as a fact, and quotes Jenkyns' entire poem, as follows:

Sweetheart, good by! the fluttering sail
Is spread to waft me far from thee,
And soon, before the fav'ring gale,
My ship shall bound upon the sea.
Perchance, all desolate and forlorn,
These eyes shall miss thee many a year;
But unforgetten in every charm—
Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear.

Sweetheart, good by! one last embrace!
O, cruel fate! two souls to sever;
Yet in this heart's most sacred place
Thou, thou alone shalt dwell forever.
And still shall recollection trace
In fancy's mirror, ever near,
Each smile, each tear, that frown, that face—
Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear.

Many thanks, Mr. Timothy; but who originated the *Greenwich Magazine for Marines*?

HELEN E. S. writes: I lately had occasion to "hunt up" some facts for a composition; and, as the other girls in our class were very much interested in them, I

take them out of my composition again and offer them to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS.

Nearly all Yankee boys and girls, I suppose, know that in France the people say: "Comment vous portez-vous?" for, "How do you do?" and that this means, word for word, "How do you carry yourself?"

The Germans, when they wish to be very polite, use the third person plural, and for "How do you do?" they ask, "How do they find themselves?" The Dutch, who think much of good eating, often on meeting an acquaintance say, "How do you fare?"

The Swedes say, "How can you?" which must make people blush who have been guilty of bad deeds. The Poles have several ways of greeting a friend. Sometimes they ask, "Art thou gay?" "How hast thou thyself?" The Russians, too, are not confined to one form, and often say, "How do you live on?"

The Persians, Arabs and Turks use very polite phrases; and the Persians will ask, "Is thy exalted high condition good?" "May thy shadow never be less." The Arabs say, "May your morning be good." In Egypt, they say, "How goes the perspiration?"

"**Two COUNTRY GIRLS**" want ST. NICHOLAS to offer dolls for premiums,—elegant dolls, with full outfits, beautiful dresses, furs, bonnets, parasols, fans, lockets, bridal costume, and everything perfect. "Thousands of little girls would try for it," they add. That might be. But we should be very sorry to see the publishers of ST. NICHOLAS doing such a shocking—we were going to say *wicked*—thing as to send out to our little girls any of these horrid puppets in full dress, that are now-a-days sold in the fashionable shops as dolls. Dolls they may be, but not doll-babies; not something to love and fondle and take care of in true mother style, or even to punish and subdue as naughty little Mary Anns or willful Sabina Janes, when occasion demands. No real, motherly, doll-loving little girls—unless their heads are turned by the folly of their elders—wish to have for their doll-baby a stiff little figure of a full-dressed fashionable lady, flounced and curled, with perfume on her little *real* lace pocket handkerchief and a miniature eye-glass dangling from her absurd little belt. Now, do they? We have seen such dollies borne stark and stiff in the arms of misguided little girls; but we think it always a pitiful sight.

HALF A LOAF IS BETTER THAN NO BREAD.

(A metrical translation of the French story in the December Number of ST. NICHOLAS.)

By LUCY C. BULL.

BUT few young people of our day
The true source of this proverb know
Which I will tell in verse below,—
'T was full seven hundred years ago.
Now list to what I say:

In ancient and heroic days
There lived the subject of my praise,
A duchess,—noble, pure and bland,
The wisest lady in the land,—
Fair Caroline Van Swing.
Four noble children clustered round
Her parent knee, sedate and fond,
A hungry little ring.

So, to the castle kitchen large,
The noble mother led her charge;
And she, herself, the duchess grand,
Prepared the meal with her own hand.
For oft she said, with sense:
'I am a duchess, it is true,
But am I not a mother, too?'
To which the four, by hunger pressed,
Impatient, crowding round, distressed,
Respond with eloquence.

But in that dark and early time
The children of that distant clime
Had ne'er experienced
Nor known the sweet, delicious taste
Of milk condensed,—a modern waste,—
So dear to childish hearts and lips,
That now the child of luxury sips:
But they had bread condensed.

Then took the loaf the noble dame;
The children crowded round to claim,
With eager looks, their share.
She seized the knife with which her sire
Had made so many brave expire,
Then brandished it above her head,
And cut in halves the tempting bread
With firm, determined air.

But instantly, how sad to tell,
The half upon the carpet fell,
And from his corner near the flame,
The hungry dog, who watched the dame
Meanwhile with anxious eyes,
Sprang out and seized it in his jaws,
And trotted off on stealthy paws
Amid the children's cries.

For say,—what hungry set would want to
Have such a dog as Athelponto
Before their very faces steal
A portion of their favorite meal?
An outrage, to be sure.
Fearing to see her bread no more,
The dame slipped quickly to the door,
And at the dog, with rage inflamed,
She threw the portion that remained,
His wicked fault to cure.

Then Athelponto turned his head,
And dropped from out his mouth the bread,
While uttering plaintive howls.
And at that moment chanced to pass
Along the road an idle ass.
His greedy eye the bread espies;
He quickly gobble up the prize,
In spite of cries and scowls.

Unto the house the dog returns;
His guilty conscience pricks and burns.
He, with his tail between his legs,
The pardon of his mistress begs.
A humble dog is he.
She sees her children's frowns and tears;
Their disappointed sobs she hears.
"Alas! my dears," the duchess said,
"The wretch has stolen all our bread,
And nothing left have we!"

"But still console yourselves, my dears,
And cease your sobs and dry your tears,
Though we have nothing left.
For had I kept the other part,—
Although to lose it breaks your heart,—
I could not then have thrown it on to
The head of wicked Athelponto
To punish thus his theft.

"For surely, dears, you all must own
The half is better far than none!"
"Oh, yes, mamma, we truly feel
Quite glad to go without our meal
For such a righteous cause."
What children, in this later day,
Who read my words, can safely say
That they their ease would sacrifice
To truth and principle so wise
Without parental laws?

The saying of the duchess grand—
From year to year, from land to land
Has passed; but changed the sense.
The world is not so brave and good
As in the days of noble blood;
The days of Caroline Van Swing,
The noble dame of whom I sing,—
A dame without pretence.

The above is by a girl only twelve years old; and although we are not in favor of urging children into the literary field, still when we ask merely for prose translations and get such a remarkably good poetical one from a little girl, we can but print it.

BOOKS AND MUSIC.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Jas. R. Osgood & Co. *Doing His Best*, by Trowbridge; and *Lucy Maria*, by Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

From Scribner, Armstrong & Company, New York. *Saxe Holm's Stories*; *Diamonds and Precious Stones*, a Popular Account of Gems, translated from the French of Louis Dieulafait by Fanchon Sanford, with 126 illustrations; *From the Earth to the Moon, and a Trip Round it*, from the French of Jules Verne; *My Kalulu*, by Henry M. Stanley.

From the Am. Tract Society, New York City. *Very Little Tales* and *Four Cousins*, both by S. Annie Frost; also, *Little Margery*, by Mrs. H. M. Miller; and *The Hard Problem*.

The Magic Spectacles, from E. H. Swinney, New York.

Seven Historic Ages, by Arthur Gilman. Hurd & Houghton.

Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag, by Louisa M. Alcott. Roberts Bros., Boston.

Young People's History of Maine, by George J. Varnay. Dresser, McLellan & Co., Portland, Maine.

Work and Reward, by Mrs. Holt. Published by Nat. Temp. Pub. Society, City; also, from the same house, *Zoa Rodman*, by Mrs. E. J. Richardson.

MUSIC RECEIVED.

S. T. Gordon & Son send the following pieces of new music, all extremely simple, effective and suitable for young players. *A Collection of Standard Gems*, simplified for Piano-forte, without octaves, by Henry Maylath; *Amaryllis*, Air du Roi Louis XIII.; *Heimweh* (Jungmann); *Vienna Bloods Waltz* (Strauss); *Pique dame Gallop* (Suppé); *Hunyady Lazio*, Hungarian March (Erkel); *The Happy Children*, Six Easy Dances for Piano-forte, Valse, Polka, Polka-Mazurka, Tyrolienne, Galop, Schottische, by Jos. Rummel; *A Collection of Standard Marches*, arranged for the Piano in an easy style and without octaves, including Mendelssohn's Wedding March, Meyerbeer's Coronation March, and March from *Tannhäuser*; also, *Spring, Gentle Spring, Waltz*, the twenty-first of a Collection of Popular Pieces for the Piano-forte (*Friendship's Gift*) simplified by E. Mack.

THE RIDDLE BOX.

A RIDDLE.

I'm green and still, and take my ease
In thickest shadows lying;
I'm fixed as fate, and yet a breeze
Will always set me flying.

I'm deep as ocean; dark as sin;
I'm treacherous and gloomy;
And still so airy, light and thin,
A body can see through me.

I'm made of silk; I'm lined with grass;
It is my pleasant duty
To wait on many a laughing lass,
And press the cheek of beauty.

SOPHIE MAY.

LITERARY ELLIPSES.

(Blanks to be filled by English authors.)

I.

A LITTLE child, — — — and full of grace,
Threw back her — — and showed her smiling face;
Meek as the — — she by a ribbon led,
As o'er the — — in the — — dawn see fled
Fleet as the — — when to the — — the — —
Called, and the sportsman — — not at morn;
Against her — — — more than paltry gold,
I could not — — my heart, however cold.

II.

You need not — — my inquiring friend,
If, asking me if I am on the mend,
You find me still in no — — frame;
Upon an — — lay all the blame;
And though it may not — — seem, to mope,
I could not — — my pain to please the — —.

J. P. B.

WORD SQUARE.

AH! thou wert deemed my first, Cassandra, fair,
When with dishevelled hair,
In dark habiliments of woe attired,
And by my next inspired,
Thou didst, in vain, to Troy reiterate
Her swift impending fate.
No prouder walls than hers henceforth shall rise
'Neath oriental skies;
No citizens more true in act and word,
No royal race my third.
Troy was; her towering walls of massive stone
All into dust have gone,
Since too secure, wise admonition scorning,
She heeded not thy warning.
'T is ever so with prophet, sybil, seer,
Mere scoff and jeer;
Call mad, my fourth, and oft the life-blood spill
Of messengers of ill.
So when my fifth, assailed by Caesar's hosts,
Her lofty rampart boasts;
Or when my sixth, a cruel tawny race,
Dared Rodger's guns to face!

HITTY MAGINN.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 32 letters:
My 15, 4, 12, 5, 16, 25, is a young animal.
My 29, 32, 14, 20, and my 17, 10, 2, 3, 9, are animals,
the fur of which is quite valuable.
My 6, 32, 18, 27, 7, 25, is sometimes considered a
locality and sometimes a condition of being.
My 23, 1, 11, 19, 20, 7, is a very useful stone.
My 31, 3, 22, 21, 13, is dismal.
My 24, 5, is a pronoun.
My 31, 28, 26, is a vehicle.
My 17, 8, 30, 31, is coarse woolen cloth.
My whole is a recipe for good looks.

A. N.

REBUS No. 1.



ANAGRAMMATIC ELLIPSES.

(Fill the blanks with the same words, transposed.)

1. He looked — — — — — of the church, and saw persons bowed in — — — — —.
2. — — — — — in sowing, make — — — — — in reaping.
3. A person learning to — — — — — care not to fall.
4. The — — — — — set the gem — — — — — of gold.
5. It — — — — — me to see the dignity she will sometimes — — — — —.
6. She will let no unkind word — — — — — from her — — — — —.
7. She — — — — — carefully and sews a — — — — —.
8. Such a — — — — — of criticism from parishioners I 'm sure — — — — — stand.

J. P. B.

CHARADE.

My first you will certainly find on the farm,
If the crops have been good this year;
My second you sometimes will find in the brooks,
When the season is cold and drear;
My whole by the builder is carried aloft,
By the architect skillfully planned,
For the mansion, the court-house or palace, perhaps,
An ornament graceful or grand.

JAN.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

FOUNDATION WORDS:

THE father of the Pleiades.
An admirable musician.

CROSS WORDS:

A town of Thrace.
One of Helen's suitors.
The priests of Pan.
Presides over the Muses.
A terrestrial god.

LORAIN LINCOLN.

ENIGMA.

I AM a word of nine letters, of which my 1 and 2 form a portion of each of the zones; my 2 and 3 are the beginning of order; my 3 and 4 are half of a sort of bread; my 3, 4 and 5 are three-quarters of a road; my 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 make a duty that generally devolves on the cook; my 4 is an exclamation of surprise or pain; my 5 an article in frequent use by people who do not know exactly what they desire; my 5 and 6 make an adverb denoting similitude; my 6, 7 and 8 are the beginning of every act of dishonesty; my 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 mean a star, and also a beautiful winter flower that was first brought to our country from China. The same letters are also five-eighths of the Greek name given to the planets between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. My 9, 8, 6 and 7 give relief to the traveler, and my 7, 8, 5, 3 and 6 to the sorrowful; my 3, 5, 1 and 8 mean to destroy; my 3, 2, 4 and 7 make a part of every tree and plant; my 4, 5 and 3 an article useful to sailors and fishermen; my 3, 5, 7 and 6, the housekeeper's pest; my 2, 5, 7 and 6, a kind of grain highly esteemed in Scotland; my 6, 8, 5 and 9 mean to burn; my 5, 7 and 8 express what you did with your dinner last Christmas; my 5, 3 and 8 denote existence; my 8, 5 and 3 make something that belongs to you, though you never saw it in your life, that you could not sell for a farthing, yet would not part with for a million; and my whole is the name of one famous in Persian history.

F. R. F.

CROSS WORD.

MY first is in sugar, but not in sweet;
My next is in counterpane, not in sheet;
My third is in me, but not in you;
My fourth is in green, but not in blue;
My fifth is in barter, but not in sell;
My sixth is in scream, but not in yell;
My seventh is in hat, but not in cap;
My eighth is in sleep, but not in nap;
My whole is said to have the power
Of turning all it touches sour.

A. S.

OUR CHRISTMAS DINNER.

THE first course consisted of a linden tree and some poles; the second of a red-hot bar of iron, a thin wife, a country of Europe, and an ornament used by Roman ladies, accompanied by a vegetable carefully prepared as follows: One-sixth of a carrot, one-fourth of a bean, two-sevenths of a lettuce, and one-third of a cherry. We had for dessert a pudding made of the interment of a tailor's instrument, some points of time events, and small cannon shot from Hamburg.

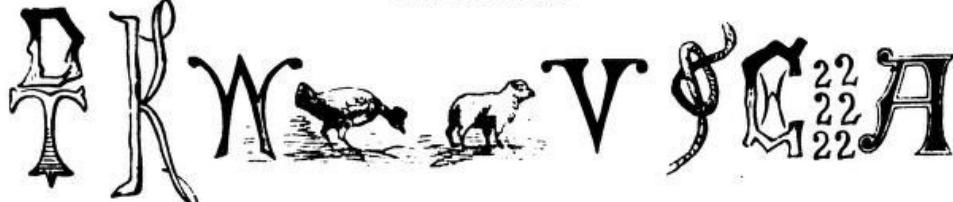
GRACE.

BURIED POETS.

1. AT Stockholm espionage is not practiced.
2. Along the Po peacocks were strutting.
3. On the way from Moscow perished the greater part of Napoleon's army.
4. Give me my pencils, pens, eraser and scissors.
5. A single sou they had not.
6. He is not wayward.
7. A crab being hungry ate up a snail.

M. H. G.

REBUS No. 2.



PICTORIAL WORD PUZZLE.



Prefix the same syllable of three letters to each of these pictures, and so make a word of each one of them.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

REBUS No. 1.—Smoke-Stack.

CHESS PUZZLE.—Commence at the left-hand corner at the bottom of the page at "hail"—then tracing the syllables as a knight would move, you will have.

		mor			
hail			phy		

Thus you will find these lines:

Hail, Morphy! bloodless victor, hail!
Thou mightier than Napoleon.
His triumphs were the price of blood;
His wars by many generals won,
While thou upon the chequer'd board,
With never erring certainty,
Alone, unsailed, leadest on
Thy troops to glorious victory.

REBUS No. 2.—"How slow yon tiny vessel ploughs the main."

CHARADE.—St. Nicholas.

QUIRIES.—Why, moisture. Earth.

CONCEALED PROVERB.—"Where there's a will there's a way."

"CULPRIT FAY" ENIGMA.—"On pillars of mottled tortoise-shell."

PARAPHRASE.—"Fair words butter no parsnips."

REBUS No. 3.—"Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage."

THREE EASY CHARADES.—Back-sliding, Eye-ball, See-saw.

TEN CONCEALED RIVERS.—Nida, Seal, Seine, Agri, Aron, Dan, Nera, Dee, Erne and Arno.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

1. H
2. M O P
3. H O U S E
4. R O O S T E R
5. H O U S E W I F E
6. C R O W I N G
7. F L I N G
8. O F F
9. E

DECAPITATIONS.—1. Slate, late, ate, te (tea). 2. Wheat, heat, eat.

3. Goat, oat, at.

PUZZLE.—B-L-I-N-D.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY NUMBER have been received from Anna W. Okott, Louise Smith, Hattie E. Angell, "Juanita," "St. Mark's," Worthington G. Ford, F. W. Hobbs, Joseph F. Bird, S. Walter Goodson.

Mr. T., A. C. P., Susie Brent, T. Donath, R. P. H., S. S. Wollcott, Lucy D. Donaldson, and Mrs. H. C. S. send the correct answers to Chess Puzzle in February Number; and answers to other riddles in the same number have been received from Ormsby Seelye, Willie A. Durnett, Louise F. Olmstead, Hobart Park, and Wilhe Boucher Jones.

S. W. C. finds in the Geographical Rebus, in November Number, ninety-five names in addition to those given by us.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"**APRIL FOOL!**" squeaked a very young frog, looking up at me on the first day of April, 1873. "April fool!"

"Same to you, sir," says I, looking down at him. "What's the matter now?"

"Matter?" echoed the little frog, giving an ecstatic leap. "Why, you thought the wind stirred that bunch of grass near by, and it was *I who did it*. Ha! ha! April fool!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed I, "you certainly are the brightest little frog I ever did see. Now hop straight away into the cranberry bog yonder, and look for three other Jack-in-the-Pulpits, all standing together. Go stir the grass there, and catch them."

"That I will!" chuckled the little frog, as, turning square toward the bog, he hopped off, almost ready to burst with delight.

Now, to my certain knowledge, there was n't a sign of a Jack-in-the-Pulpit in that cranberry bog, and, what is more, there was n't a spear of grass within a hundred yards of it!

And to my certain knowledge, also, that little frog did n't go there; but, after giving one leap, he turned face about, with a "Ha! ha! thought I was green, did you? April fool!"

I tell you this little incident, my dears, to let you know that your Jack is n't behind the age.

A SOBER WORD.

NEVERTHELESS, I must say I don't like practical jokes. Fun is fun, that we'll all admit; but this April-fool business is apt to lead us off the track of pure fun. When it is made the means of hurting our friends' feelings, or putting them to serious inconvenience, or making them appear painfully ridiculous, then it is n't fun,—it's downright impertinence and bad-heartedness. Don't you think so?

THE DANDY OF THE DESERT.

THERE is going to be a wonderful ostrich picture in ST. NICHOLAS before very long. How do I know it? Why, the artist told his little girl, his little girl told it to a little boy, the little boy whistled it close by the canary's cage, the canary told it to

another little bird and the other little bird told me. The ostrich is n't going to be flying, nor squawking, nor putting his head under his wing, nor eating tenpenny nails and broken bottles; no, nor coming out of a big eggshell; but he is to be doing something wonderful—something that will make three or four children just as happy as they can be. I can't tell you any more just now. But you may read this note about the African ostrich that just came for you, in Jack's care, from Ethel Gale:

"Tall and stately, his glossy black coat adorned with elegant plumes of black and snowy white, the ostrich may be truly called the dandy of the desert.

"Like other dandies, Mr. Ostrich, while very vain of his own appearance, cares little for that of his wife. He is best pleased that she should admire him and be quite content, as she, doubtless, very sensibly is, with her own modest suit of dingy grey. An old proverb says that 'there is no loss without some gain,' so if Mrs. Ostrich is not as handsomely dressed as her lord, she can have the satisfaction of feeling that her life is much safer than his. His fine plumes command such a high price in the market that many are the means devised to capture and rob him, while her inferior feathers, though they have a market value, when dyed of various colors and sold under the name of 'vulture feathers,' are not nearly so tempting as the thick and waving plumes of her gayer husband.

"Within the last few years, however, men have learned to rob the desert dandy of his ornaments without depriving him of life. In the region of the Cape of Good Hope there are now several ostrich farms. These are places where the great birds, caught while young, or hatched from the eggs by artificial heat, are kept as prisoners, and their best feathers plucked at regular intervals, as geese are plucked in this country, with this difference: the geese are robbed of the fine down from their breasts, and the ostrich of the plumes from his wings and tail."

I am sorry to hear this sad news about poor Ostrich. I'm sure one would rather be killed outright than to have one's feathers plucked again and again in this fashion. But we'll hope it happens at a time of the year when the feathers are looser than usual.

A SAD STORY.

A LITTLE boy having heard a beautiful story about a little boy and a hatchet, and how, because the little boy would n't tell a lie, he, in time, got to be President of the United States, was very much impressed by it. Now, it so happened that on the last day of March, he was just ten years old, and his father asked him what he would like to have for a birthday present. Very naturally the boy's answer was, "A little hatchet, if you please, papa."

The father bought him a little hatchet that very day, and the boy was so delighted that he actually took it to bed with him.

Early the next morning he got up, dressed himself, took his little hatchet and went out into the garden. There, as luck would have it, the first thing that caught his eye was his father's favorite cherry-tree. "My eyes!" exclaimed the little boy to himself, "what a time my father would make if a fellow were to cut that tree!" It was a wicked thought, for it led him into temptation. There was the tree—tall, straight and fair—standing invitingly before him,—just the thing for a sharp little hatchet. And there was the hatchet,—strong, sharp and shining,—just the thing for a favorite cherry-tree. In another instant the swift strokes of an axe were heard in the still morning air, and, before long, a small boy was seen running toward the house. His father met him at the door.

"My boy, what noise was that I heard just now?

Surely you have not been at my favorite cherry-tree!"

The boy stood proudly before him, but with downcast eyes and flushing cheeks.

"Father," he said, "I cannot tell a lie. That cherry-tree is —"

"Say no more," said the father, extending his arms. "You have done wrong, my son; and that was my favorite tree; but you have spoken the truth. I forgive you. Better to —"

This was too much. The boy rushed into his father's arms.

"Father!" he whispered, "April fool! I have n't touched the cherry-tree; but I 'most chopped the old apple-stump to pieces."

"You young rascal, you!" cried the father, "do you mean to say you *have n't* chopped my cherry-tree? April-fool your old father! will you? Take off your coat, sir!"

With a suppressed sob, that little boy obeyed. Then, shutting his eyes, he felt his father's hand descend upon his shrinking form.

"My son," said the father, solemnly, as he stroked the little shoulder, "it is the First of April. Go thy way."

KITES

IT is a great art to make a good kite. It should be shaped evenly so as to balance well. The sticks should be just strong enough for the size of the kite without being too heavy. The paper should be of proper strength and lightness. The four cords that start from the four corners should be gathered into one and attached at just the right point to the holding-cord, so as to ensure its proper angle against the wind. And, above all (or rather, below all), the tail should be long enough and heavy enough to balance the teetering object in the air and make it sail like a thing of life. A tail too heavy or too light for its length, or too short for its weight, whichever you please, is sure to make trouble in kite-flying. Now, boys, whenever your kite flops and "don't go," you may be sure that she is wrong in one or more of the above-mentioned points.

SOAP PLANTS.

WOULD N'T it seem odd for you to go out into the garden and pluck soap from the bushes. But, according to a paragraph just sent me by a learned professor, there are berries with which you could wash your hands as clean as with soap. The fruit of the soap-tree which grows in the West Indies and South America make a lather in water, he says, and are used to wash clothes; and so is the bark of the *Quillaja saponaria* of Peru, which is even exported to other countries, so superior is it for cleansing garments.

A good many of the plants scattered about the globe have the qualities of soap. The juice of the soap-wort is used by cleaners; and in the Malay Islands the bark of the go-go tree serves for soap.

In California there grows a plant by the long Latin name of *Phalangium pomaridianum*, which is highly esteemed by good housewives, since it furnishes them with soap-bulbs that are better than the soap-bars sold by the merchant. The leaves

and stalks of this plant fall off in May, but the bulbs are left in the ground all summer. Early in the fall they are dug up and stripped of their husks, and then they are ready to go into the wash-tub. When the bulbs are rubbed upon the clothes a thick lather is formed, and the odor of it is like that of new brown soap.

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

NOW and then I hear folks reading aloud out of the newspapers, and I always feel provoked and hurt when they come to the part headed, "Crimes and Casualties." For why? A crime's one thing and a casualty is another, and it's cruel for newspaper men to fasten them together just because they both commence with a C that sounds like K. Talk to your fathers about this, my dears, and see if it can't be stopped. Suppose your dear little brother should fall out of a window and be killed, and the next day your mamma should see an account of it in the paper, stuck in between mentions of a drunken riot and a brutal robbery and murder.

The feelings of somebody's mother and father are tortured every day by this thoughtless newspaper custom; and it's a disgrace to an enlightened republic. I leave the matter in your hands.

A BOY IS A BOY.

HERE's a verse for some of my little fellows to learn. I don't know that it will do them any particular good, but I'm sure it won't do them any harm, and it *may* keep them a little within bounds:

"Brutes find out where their talents lie;
A bear will not attempt to fly;
A founded horse will oft debate
Before he tries a five-bar'd gate.
In man we see the only creature
Who, led by folly, combats nature."

I've seen some boys who, it seemed to me, were trying to be bears, others who seemed to fancy themselves bull-dogs, and others who appeared to fancy they were apes; but, you see, there's no getting away from it,—a boy's a boy, and the more he acts like a boy the better off he will be. The verse means a good deal more than this, but the idea I've given will do to begin with.

A TAKE-DOWN.

THAT last paragraph reminds me that though a boy is a right fine thing in his way, there are points in which hosts of other animals can beat him. For instance, where is the boy whose sight is as keen as a hawk's, whose sense of smell is as fine as a hound's, whose hearing is as acute as a cat's, whose teeth are as sharp as a rat's, whose legs are as quick as a deer's? Show me a boy who, like the flea, can jump five hundred times the height of his own body; or who, like the beetle, can lift a weight three hundred times as heavy as himself; or, if you cannot produce that supple and mighty young gentleman, let's see a new boy-baby who is one-quarter as knowing and able to care for himself as an hour-old calf!

A CONUNDRUM.

WHY is the letter T like the letter Z? Because it is the end of the alphabet.

THE LETTER BOX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the December number of the magazine, in the article entitled, "Wood-Carving," I notice the very high prices mentioned. I paid, in Philadelphia, 75 cents for a saw-franie, and 10 cents per dozen for saws. Mr. Sawyer's mode of putting the patterns on the wood may be very safe, but is n't it rather tedious? I copy patterns by placing a piece of copying-paper on the wood and the pattern on that. Then I go over the lines of the pattern with a pencil or pointed stick, and when I take the paper off the wood the pattern is on it in black. Enough of this copying-paper can be bought for 10 cents to last a year.

F. D. G.

F. D. G. was very fortunate if he obtained frame and saws of good quality at the prices he names.

"ORIOLE" sends us two hundred English words, all made out of the name of a city. This name contains nine letters, and no letter is used twice in any one of the two hundred words. She finds a *mole*, a *tailor*, an *earl*, a *bat*, a *lamb*, and scores of other things in her city; and she wishes some of the boys and girls to tell her its name, and also to beat her in the number of English words they can make from it.

"THE STEAMSHIP COLLEGE."—Of course, Jack was only joking. ST. NICHOLAS heartily wishes you success in your undertaking.

GEORGE.—You are foolish to be "discouraged at seeing so much skill and talent on every side." Why, my boy, what would you like to find? Stupidity? Surely not. From the tone of your letter one would say that you could be happy only in contemplating your inferiors! Look above you, and not beneath you, for inspiration. Follow the plan of the painter, Northcote. He said he always felt his spirits droop when he contemplated a poor picture, with the suspicion that perhaps he deceived himself, and that his own paintings were no better. But the works of masters gave him renewed strength and hope. He could understand then how much there was for him to accomplish.

DEAR EDITOR: I read Mr. Haskins' piece in ST. NICHOLAS about birds, and I want to join his army. I think the name "Bird-defenders," is just the right one for our little company, and, hereafter, I will adopt your preamble and resolution to do all I can to save the little birds from harm.—From one of your friends,

MAY FLINT.

Mr. Haskins, the chief of the Bird-defenders, will be glad to hear that the young folks are flocking to his ranks and that May so heartily "adopts his preamble and resolution." She has been duly enrolled; so have Alvin P. Johnson, Charley Graham, Philip S. M., Bessie F.—l, and "Toodles, or real name, H. M. T."

T. W. RUDOLPH.—Your first, second and third requests require further consideration. Your fourth—asking ST. NICHOLAS to sometimes give Latin stories for translation as well as German and French, since so many children study the first named language—shall be granted with pleasure.

JENNY JONES.—Your "Hidden Insects" shall skip into these pages some day. Really good numerical enigmas are acceptable. All puzzles, answers and queries relating to the riddle department should be addressed

to "Riddle Box, office of ST. NICHOLAS, 654 Broadway, New York."

"Jack-in-the-Pulpit" was much pleased with your message.

LILY MARION.—Your drawings are very good, considering that you are only nine years old. We shall be very glad to see specimens of your work from time to time, that we may know what improvement you make.

"A LITTLE GIRL" says, a brand new verse, all her own, came to her mind one day last spring, and at first she was delighted at finding herself a poet, but when she found that it was likely to be the first, last, and only verse of her lifetime, and, worse than all, that it would n't go out of her head, but would come to her lips, "up and down stairs and at all times," till everybody in the house would call out, "O, do stop saying that verse," she became desperate. "I decided," she says, "to try whether printing it would do any good. It seems to me, dear ST. NICHOLAS, that if once I could see the poor little thing in type I'd get rid of it. Would you mind helping me out of my trouble?"

Not at all, dear. By all means, we must see what the printer can do. So, "poor little thing," come forth!

"Where is the Winter? Under the snow.
Where is the snow, then? Gone long ago.
Where did it go to? Into the river.
My! but it made all the fishes shiver!"

EMILE LOWE sends our Letter Box the following, which he has translated from the German of N. Hocker:

A LEGEND OF ST. NICHOLAS.

On the middle pier of the bridge at Trieste, which dates from the times of the Romans, stands a cross, and below it, toward the river, the statue of St. Nicholas, who is known to be the patron saint of sailors and travelers as well as of children. During one winter, when the waters of the Moselle were running very high, a sailor was coming down the stream. As he was nearing the bridge the waves seized his frail boat and threatened to dash it to pieces on the piers. In his distress he called on St. Nicholas, and promised him, in case he should pass the bridge in safety, a taper as high as the mast of his boat. He had hardly made this promise when the fury of the waters suddenly abated, and he glided along in safety.

The sailor then cried out, "Now, see who will get you the taper!" and passed on.

The next year the sailor had occasion again to pass the bridge. The waves ran wild and high as before, and the sailor again promised his taper. But suddenly the boat turned, upset, and together with the sailor, sank to the bottom.

RUTH G. KEEBLE, who hopes ST. NICHOLAS will have a Letter Box, sends a collection of scraps which she has taken from the newspapers of the past six months. She cut them out, she says, because they were about very old people, and she thought they would interest her grandmother; and her grandmother now advises her to let other young folk have them for their grandmothers,—for some people think they are old at sixty, and it will freshen them up to find how many persons live quite a long and active life after they have passed that age.

Here is the substance of some of Ruth's items: Mrs. Marie Pepper, of Winooski, Vermont, now ninety-nine years old, has been the mother of twenty-three children, and to-day she has, in all, two hundred and twenty children, grandchildren, great grandchildren, and great-great grandchildren living. Mrs. Lawler, of Amesbury, Massachusetts, is in her one hundredth and sixth year, and still enjoys good health. Mr. John S. Morse, of the same place, is ninety-two. New York City rejoices in Capt. Lahrbush, who is now over one hundred years

of age,—as hearty, intelligent and agreeable a gentleman as one could wish to meet. Mrs. Somerville, the astronomer, wrote, in her ninety-second year: "I am very feeble, but my intellect keeps clear and I read and solve questions in the higher algebra as easily as ever." Mr. Daniel Brick, who died recently in Amesbury, Mass., in his one hundredth year, was never sick a day, up to the last, and never took a dose of physic. And Robert Sixbury, who died last October, had seen one hundred and ten years of active life. Mr. Sixbury had acquired great reputation as a hunter on John Brown's tract in Northern New York, where he had slain more than 2,200 deer. His funeral was attended by several of his children of the ages of from 80 to 90 years.

There are many more instances in Ruth's list, not to mention all the irrepressible old gentlemen who are reported to have "sawed up a cord of wood" just before their last day, and who are good-naturedly laughed about by many of us old-young folk; but Ruth can find still more interesting facts by examining the biographies of eminent men and women. Through these she may learn of the great work accomplished and the noble lessons taught by many after they had reached their sixtieth and seventieth years. Some of the world's greatest statesmen, patriots, poets, painters and workers hardly began their life-work until they were what the world calls old. Will not our young readers help us to make up a grand *true* Grandmother's Budget for Ruth and others? History and biography are full of just the items we need, and what so suited to look for them as the bright eyes of the young!

R. J. D. sends this answer to Jack-in-the-Pulpit's riddle in our March number. He evidently, like many others, missed Jack's special despatch:

"I think, on reflection, a man's own face
Will meet the requirements of the case;
For, though in a mirror by him 't is seen,
It is not the same as you see, I ween."

JERROLD T. N., eleven years of age, asks for a good "speaking piece" for his younger brother,—"something more funny than tragical, and that will give the

little fellow a chance to be dramatic." Perhaps the following will answer his purpose, as it requires to be acted as well as recited. It has been printed before, but Jerrold does not ask the Letter Box for a new piece.

THE WAY TO DO IT.

By M. M. D.

I'll tell you how I speak a piece:
First I make my bow;
Then I bring my words out clear
And plain as I know how.

Next I throw my hands up so!
Then I lift my eyes—
That's to let my hearers know
Something doth surprise.

Next I grin and show my teeth,
Nearly every one;
Shake my shoulders, hold my sides:
That's the sign of fun.

Next I start and knit my brow,
Hold my head erect:
Something's wrong, you see, and I
Decidedly object.

Then I wabble at my knees,
Clutch at shadows near,
Tremble well from top to toe:
That's the sign of fear.

Soon I scowl, and with a leap
Seize an airy dagger.
"WRETCH!" I cry. "That's tragedy,
Every soul to stagger.

Then I let my voice grow faint,
Gasp and hold my breath:
Tumble down and plunge about:
That's a villain's-death.

Quickly then I come to life,
Perfectly restored;
With a bow my speech is done.
Now, you'll please applaud.

"CHARL," JAMES B., IDA C. B., AND OTHERS.—Your answers are crowded out this month. We shall have more room in May number.

KITTEH.

AN ACTING CHARADE, WITH PARTS FOR VERY LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY MARY HAINES GILBERT.

CHARACTERS:

MR. YOUNGS, a New York Merchant.

Mrs. YOUNGS.

CLARA, { The little daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Youngs.

ELLA, {

ANNIE, { Cousins of Clara and Ella.

SUE, {

CHARLES, { KITTY, a little Match Girl.

Mrs. HILL, a wealthy lady.

BRIDGET, a servant.

Guests, children from four to twelve.

(The scene is in New York, at Mr. Youngs' residence.)

SCENE I.—A Hall.

[The door-bell rings. Enter BRIDGET, R.]

Brigid [crossly]. Shure an' the bell does nothing but ring. I've been to the doore twenty times this blissid mornin'.

[BRIDGET exits L. as CLARA and ELLA enter R., smiling.]

Clara. It must be mamma.

Ella. Bridget has gone to let mamma in.

Clara. Yes. [Clapping her hands, joyfully.] Oh, Ella! only to think that to-morrow 'll be my birthday.

Ella [jumping up and down]. Oh! oh! it 'll be splendid to have a birthday party!

Clara [looking L.]. Where 's mamma?

Bridget. Shure, an' it 's not your mother at all, at all. It 's a wee bit of a thing with matches.

Ella. Oh! let 's buy some. Do, Bridget!

Bridget. Indade, an' I would thin, to plaze you, but we 've plenty in the house; and not a ha'p'orth of change have I, at all, at all.

Clara. Oh! I have some money. Do call her back.

Bridget [heartily]. I will that. [Exit BRIDGET, L.]

Ella. I wish they would n't be poor, little match-girls; I 'm so sorry for them.

Clara. So am I.

[Re-enter BRIDGET L., followed by KITTY, very poorly dressed, and carrying a small basket with boxes of matches in it.]

Kit [timidly]. Matches —

Clara [taking *Kit's* hand]. Yes, I'll buy some. But you shall have a bowl of soup first.

Kit [smiling]. Oh! I like soup.

Ella [to *Kit*]. What's your name?

Kit. Kit.

Ella. What else?

Kit. Just Kit and Kitty,—that's all. Folks calls me different ways.

Ella. Is n't that funny? Just Kit and Kitty!

Brigidet. And your father and mother's driven ye out in the bitter cold? Bad luck to the likes of 'em!

Kit. No! My father and mother are dead. Once, my mother was good to Granny Mulligan, and so she took me when mother died.

Brigidet. Och! an' Granny Mulligan aint good to ye, I'm thinkin'.

Kit. Oh, yes! She went out scrubbing and sent me to school; but now she is down with the rheumatism. That's why I sell matches.

Ella. Come, get your soup, little girl.

[Exit all, R., *ELLA* leading *KIT*.]

SCENE II.—A Sitting-room.

[*Mrs. YOUNGS* is standing beside a table, on which there is a number of packages.]

Mrs. Youngs. All my birthday shopping done at last! But where can the children be?

[Enter *ELLA* and *CLARA*, R.]

Ella [kissing *Mrs. Youngs*]. O, mamma! Home at last?

Mrs. Youngs. Yes, darling.

Ella. I am so glad you've come. A little girl is eating soup down stairs.

Mrs. Youngs [surprised]. A little girl! Your cousins have n't come?

Clara. No, mamma; it is a poor little match-girl. And I owe her ten cents —

Ella. For matches; and we came up stairs for the money.

Clara. I don't know whether I have just the right change. [*CLARA* counts the money.] Two cents and five cents, that is seven; eight,—nine —. I want one cent more.

Ella. I have one. There!

[*ELLA* gives *CLARA* a cent.]

Clara. That makes it right. Now I'll pay her. And, mamma, may n't I ask her here to-morrow?

Ella. To keep Clara's birthday!

Mrs. Youngs. Yes, if you wish; and give her a little present.

Ella. Oh! oh! I'll give her something real nice.

Clara. Let us tell her we'll give her anything she wants.

Mrs. Youngs. I'll go down with you to see the little match-girl.

[Exit all, L.]

SCENE III.—A Parlor.

[*Mrs. YOUNGS* is at the R., talking with *Mr. YOUNGS*.

Mrs. Hill is playing a polka on the piano, and a number of children, including *CLARA*, *ELLA*, *ANNIE*, *SUE*, and *CHARLES*, are dancing. When the dance is over, *BRIDGET* enters with saucers of ice-cream on a tray. The children gather around her, and she hands the refreshments around to the little girls.]

Several children. Ice-cream!

Charles. Oh! Give us some, *Brigidet*.

Brigidet. The ladies must be served first, Master Charles.

Charles [laughing]. I don't object.

Brigidet [to *Mrs. Youngs*]. Shure, mum, the match-girl is waitin' below.

Mrs. Youngs [to *Mrs. Hill*]. It is the little girl I told you about.

Mrs. Hill. I should like to see her.

Mrs. Youngs. Bridget, bring her up stairs.

Brigidet. Yes, mum. But with her company, too?

Mrs. Youngs. Her company! What company?

Ella. O, papa! I know,—her old granny!

[All the children laugh, except *CLARA* and *ELLA*.]

Clara. Don't laugh. It is the poor old lady.

Annie. What old lady?

Brigidet. It's not the owl lady at all, at all; it's a bit of a cat, it is.

Everybody [surprised]. A kitten!

[All the children laugh.]

Brigidet [laughing]. Yes; and she has a bottle with her as well. Shure, an' that's all the company I meant.

Charles. Send her along with her pussy.

Mrs. Youngs [to all the children]. But you must promise not to laugh.

All the children. Oh, yes!

Mrs. Hill [to the children]. Be sure and not laugh; you would hurt her feelings.

[The children eat their ice-cream, and *Mrs. Hill* plays some trills or a tune on the piano. Re-enter *BRIDGET*, followed by *KIT* with a kitten and a small bottle in her arms. She is dressed as before. She comes forward timidly. Everyone gathers around her.]

Mrs. Youngs [to *Kit*, playfully]. Did you get the kitten for your last Christmas present, and bring it now to show it to us?

Kit. No, ma'am. I did n't get no Christmas ever.

Mrs. Youngs. To sell it, then?

Kit. No, sir.

Mrs. Hill. What then? [KIT hangs her head.]

Ella. You'll tell me, won't you?

[*Kit* [timidly]. Yes. You said I might have what I pleased, and I thought may be you'd give it some milk. [Wiping away tears.] I had only enough money for bread, and it don't like bread and water.

Mrs. Hill. How much she thinks of her kitten!

Mrs. Youngs. And what is the bottle for?

Kit [timidly]. I wanted some liniment for Granny Mulligan, to make her well.

Clara. What else do you want?

Kit. That's all.

Charles. Best look out for number one. What do you want for yourself?

Kit. I'd rather have the liniment for granny, and milk for my kitten. I had a bowl of soup yesterday.

Sue. But you shall have ice-cream, anyway. Sha'n't she?

Everybody. Yes, yes, indeed.

Mrs. Hill [to *Mrs. Youngs*]. You know, I have been thinking of adopting a little girl, and this grateful little thing pleases me. I should like to take her. [To *Kit*.] Little girl, I have no child in my great, big home. Would you like to come and live with me, and be my little girl?

Kit. And will you take kitty and granny, too?

Mrs. Hill. Yes, I'll adopt your kitten, too. I cannot exactly promise to adopt Granny Mulligan; but she shall never want, for your sake, my sweet little girl.

[She kisses *KIT*. All the children clap their hands.]

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

THE RIDDLE BOX.

PICTURE QUOTATION.



In what portion of Shakspere's "King Lear" do you find the passage which this picture illustrates?

RHYTHMIC ENIGMA.

I HAVE but six letters,—I'm little, you see,
Yet millions of children have wondered at me.
My 2, 6, 5, 1 you possess and yet seek.
My 6, 4, 1 makes the strongest man weak.
My 5, 3, 2, 1 is both pronoun and noun.
And my 5, 1, 2 once builded a town.
To my 3, 5, 6, 4, 1 men sometimes have prayed.
And my 4, 6, 5, 1 through most forests has strayed.
My 6, 3, 5 is to mystify you.
And devout men oft utter my 6, 5, 1 2.

F. H. S

ORTHOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

IN what word of five letters, meaning a decoy, can be found, by transposition, the following: A narrative; a beverage; a preposition; a narrow strip of board; a kind of dark stone; a conjunction; a verb; a meadow; the smallest; a point of the compass; something recent; the hindmost, and a conjunction.

G.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in rope, but not in string.
My second is in leap, but not in spring.
My third is in state, but not in place.
My fourth is in cassia, but not in mace.
My fifth is in hack, but not in cut.
My sixth is in hamlet, but not in hut.
My seventh is in lamp, but not in light.
My eighth is in quarrel, but not in fight.
My ninth is in you, but not in him.
My tenth is in Lot, but not in Sim.
My eleventh is in hood, but not in hat.
My twelfth is in dog, but not in cat.
My thirteenth is in rainy, but not in rain.
My whole is a bay on the coast of Maine.

WM. H. GRAFFAM.

RIDDLE.

FIRST obtain a certain article—which I leave you to guess—and join it to a small part of a pea (be it winter or summer), then divide a rose in equal parts, and placing them before you, take the part nearest your left hand.

I will assist you to what comes next; and though I do not "give you an inch," as the proverb says, you "will surely take an ell." Next you must receive a letter of friendship, and then double the numeral used in the middle Latin for eleven, and add fifty, as the Romans did, and the result will be what you are. C. C.

LOGOGRAPH.

WHOLE, I am a word of five letters, meaning to arouse; beheaded, I am sharp; again beheaded, I am adroitness; syncopated, I am a preposition; curtailed, my first restored and read backward, I am a conjunction; my second and fourth restored, I am a distinguished performer; again beheaded, I am a resinous substance; curtailed and reversed, I am a preposition. What is my name?

W. H. G.

LITERARY ELLIPSSES.

(Fill the blanks with the names of English authors.)

1. A —— upon the —— shore had been,
I looked again, and it no —— was seen.
2. A —— who of riches had great store,
Was fain to keep a —— upon his door.
3. A —— trod the desert —— and ——,
And slow, but sure, of —— made good his way.

J. P. D.

CHARADE.

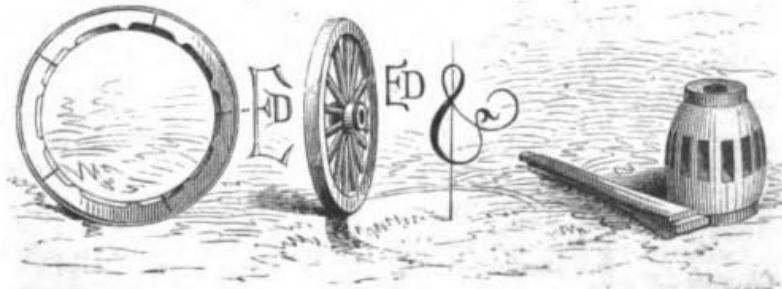
MY first, the dark Señora
Wields with uncommon grace,
And blushing, hides behind me,
The beauty of her face.

My second is a school-boy,
The first in every game;
And yet,—you'll scarce believe me,—
'T is nothing but a name.

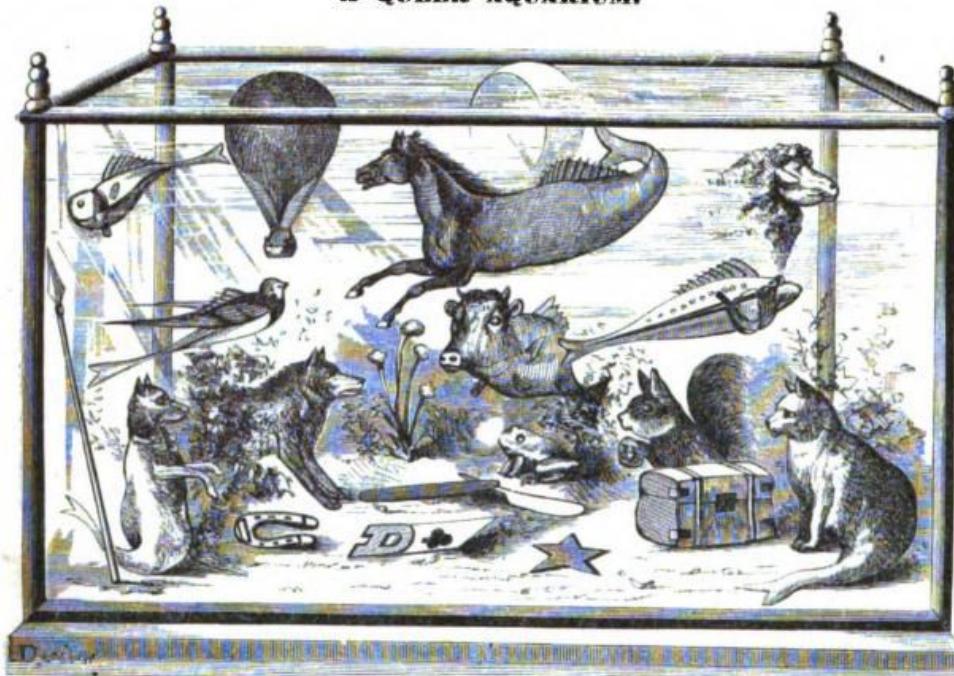
My whole is but a fancy,
A vision or a dream,
And very seldom—if at all—
Has my whole form been seen.

M. D. N.

REBUS.



A QUEER AQUARIUM.



HERE are some puzzle-fish. They are as strange as the "Curious Fish" in our March number, but those were real, and the appearance of each of these only indicates its name. Who can tell us what they are?

ENIGMA.

I AM a compound-word of fourteen letters. My 8, 6, 13, 7 makes you comfortable in winter, and 2, 4, 12 is a very useful article in summer; but you will want my 4, 5, 10, 6, 13 during the whole year. My 10, 13, 9 you use every day, but, if used too much at one time, my 10, 4, 5, 12 will name the result. My 14, 5, 10, 1, 12 is something that you dread, and my 4, 10, 11, 7 something that you like. My 14, 5, 7, 1 is the name of a patriarch who lived at the time of the flood, and my 9, 10, 13, 3 that of a Roman god. My 13, 7, 12, 8 you will find in the sea, and my 13, 2, 9, 7 is sometimes seen on the ground. My whole is a name which includes many boys and girls, and of which my 1, 2, 4, 7 are good representatives.

W. F. C.

NUMERICAL EXERCISE.

THE numbers used are digits. My first and fifth equal my second. My first and third equal my fourth. My second exceeds my first by my fifth. My third doubles my fifth. My first and third equal my fourth. My fourth exceeds my third by my first. My first and second equal my third. My first is half of my fifth. My third and fourth are to my first, second and fifth as 15 : 10.

ISABEL.

HIDDEN SQUARE.

WITH one vowel and three consonants form a word-square which, read forward or backward, upward or downward, will be the same.

A. N. O.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

RIDDLE.—Vale, veil.

LITERARY ELLIPSES.—I. Young, Gay, Hood, Lamb, Field, Gray, Fox, Hunt, Horne, Lingard, Wordsworth, Steele. II. Marvell, Hilarius, Akenside, Manley, Hyde, Pope.

WORD-SQUARE.—

M	A	N	I	A	C
A	P	O	L	L	O
N	O	B	L	E	R
I	L	L	U	S	E
A	L	E	S	I	A
C	O	R	E	A	N

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—"A blithe heart makes a blooming visage."

REBUS NO. 1.—

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky."

ANAGRAMMATIC ELLIPSES.—

1. In at a door—Adoration.
2. Tares—Tears.
3. Skate—Takes.
4. Artisan—In a star.
5. Amuses—Assume.
6. Slip—Lips.
7. Measures—Sure seam.
8. Cannonade—No dean can.

CHARADE.—Cornuc.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Atlas, Arion.

A	—bder—	A
T	—euce—	R
L	—uperc	I
A	—poll—	O
S	—atur—	N

ENIGMA.—Zoroaster.

CROSS WORD.—Acerbatic.

OUR CHRISTMAS DINNER.—First course: Bass and perch. Second: Roast pig, spare rib, turkey, fillet. Celery (one-sixth of a carrot—c., one-fourth of a bean—b., two-sevenths of a lettuce—l., one-third of a cherry—r.). Dessert, "Goose-bury," dates and grapes.

BURIED POETS.—1. Holmes. 2. Pope. 3. Cowper. 4. Spenser. 5. Southey. 6. Otway. 7. Crabbe.

REBUS NO. 2.—"Don't talk when you've nothing to say."

PICTORIAL WORD PUZZLE (PREFIX "CON").—Content, confirm, concur, consign, concave, concoct, conceal, conspire, concord, dign, consent, condescending.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN FEBRUARY NUMBER have been received from Clara L. Anthony, Joseph Bird, George P. Whetton, Thos. W. McGaw, Minnie Thomas, F. W. Randolph, J. B. C., William and Sophie Winslow, Stonewall Mayes, Leila Crandon, Frank S. Palfrey, Alice S. Morrison, Chambers Baird, Clarence Campbell, J. W. P., James Hardy Roper, Evelina Hull, John Sherman, Robert Ward, E. Stella Archer, and Clarence M. Crane.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN MARCH NUMBER.—"Busy Bee," Alice G. Colby, Florence Chandler, Edgar Levy, and John C. Howard.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD news! Good news! It's whispered underground. It's sung overhead. It's written on the air. The Earth is awake! Flowers! Flowers are coming! Dear me! and here are the children! I'm the happiest Jack-in-the-Pulpit that ever lived! Now let us talk about things in general.

HELIOTROPS ON THE ISLAND OF JAVA.

I HAPPENED, one day, to mention incidentally to an escaped Java sparrow, that the heliotrope was just about the sweetest and prettiest little thing that grew, and that once, when a little chap delighted me by planting one near me, I was astonished at the fragrance of its tiny clusters of wee, little purple blossoms.

"Wee, little, tiny mites of specks of blossoms!" twittered the Java sparrow, or sounds to that effect. "How funny! Why, in my country the heliotrope is n't a little plant at all. It grows to be fifteen feet high, and its purple clusters are as big as a cocoanut; and their fragrance, when indoors, is more than human folks can bear."

Children, for weeks and weeks I had my own opinion of that Java sparrow; but it occurs to me now that may be I have done him an injustice, for flowers in warm countries do cut queer capers—that we know. What do your folks say about it?

LOW SPIRITS.

A LOW-SPIRITED turtle who came creeping near me the other day gave such a melancholy puff of a sigh that I could n't help asking him what was the matter.

"Matter?" he gulped. "Matter enough, I can tell you. I heard a school-boy say, this very morning, that this earth is over 24,000 miles in circumference. That means *around*; does n't it?"

"Certainly," said I.

"Well then, how do you suppose I feel? How, in the name of all the inches, am I ever to accomplish it? Why, life is n't long enough for the purpose! I can't do it!"

"Do what, my friend?"

"Why, go around the earth, of course."

Well, I tried and tried to persuade that turtle

that there was n't the least sense in his trying to do such a thing; that nobody wanted him to, and nobody would care a snap if he did n't; but I might as well have talked to the wind. Around the world he must, could, should and would go. So I said at last, by way of consolation:

"Well, my friend, it might be worse. Think of the planet Jupiter, one of those worlds that twinkle up in the sky. I heard a school-boy say that Jupiter was fourteen hundred times larger than the earth! Think of that. You ought to be thankful that your lot is cast here instead of there."

At these sensible words, what did that ridiculous turtle do but roll his eyes and gasp harder than ever.

"Alas!" said he, "I did n't put myself here; and how do I know but as soon as I get around this globe I shall find myself suddenly placed on that other one; and I never, never would travel around *that*, I am sure. Fourteen hundred times bigger—fourteen hun—dred—times— Oh my!"

Out of all patience, I shouted out, as he hitched himself along, "Get out of your shell then, and scamper, you absurd thing! Get out of your shell and scamper, or you'll never finish your journey!"

But, children, if you meet that poor, misguided turtle don't turn him around. It will put him back, you know. It is a notion common to all the turtles that they must travel around the world, and, I suppose, that's why if you pick one up and set him down with his head in an opposite direction from the one in which he was going, he'll turn right around again.

I wonder if girls and boys ever are so foolish as my low-spirited turtle.

PET SPIDERS.

THEY have a funny house-pet in the West Indies. It is a great big spider,—an ugly fellow,—the very sight of which would make anyone who was not used to it want to jump into the middle of next week. These creatures are considered sacred, and are not to be hurt or disturbed on any account. Ugly as they are, they are useful, because they kill the cockroaches that otherwise would overrun the houses. Families who happen not to have any of these pet spiders will take pains to obtain some, just as we would bring home a cat to drive mice away. I heard a girl reading about this.

THE SPLENDID TRO GON.

AH! that is a fellow who deserves his name, you may be sure. My friend, Peacock, who told me all about him, assured me that he, with all his beauty, would be only a dingy fowl beside the Tropic. This most magnificent of birds almost makes the sun blink. His breast is scarlet, his back and wings golden brown and golden green; he is crowned with a crest of silky green plumes; his tail-feathers are golden-tinted, and three or four feet long. He lives in Mexico, Central America, and South America. He never takes trips North, so it is likely that many of you never will see him, except as a poor stuffed bird in a museum.

Sorettaboyans

One comfort in that will be to know that the superb fellow is resting in peace. It is more than he can do during his life. The Indians rob him of his gorgeous feathers and wear them in their barbaric processions and at their festivals. When the Incas ruled over Peru the members of the royal family alone had the privilege of adorning themselves with the magnificent tail-feathers of the splendid Tro-gon. But the Incas were swept away by the Spaniards, and their right to rob the beautiful bird has long been shared by all Peruvians.

A FRENCHMAN'S TRANSLATION.

THAT funny little French story about John Martin's snowball—though John Martin is n't quite the kind of boy that I like—delighted hosts of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, I am told, especially when they saw it translated into English. Somebody told me, too, that the little chap who translated it did the work wonderfully well.

I heard a translation read once, that was n't quite so good. It was of another story, and was made by a Frenchman, who professed to teach languages, and who thought he was telling it in perfectly beautiful English. You shall hear it just in his words:

"A lady which was to dine, chid to her servant that she not had used butter enough. This girl, for to excuse himself, was bring a little cat on the hand, and told that she came to take him in the crime finishing to eat the two pounds from butter who remain. The lady took immediately the cat whom was put in the balances, it just weighed that two pound.

"This is all the very much well for the butter,' the lady then she said, 'but where is the cat?'

A CANNON THAT FIRES ITSELF OFF.

AN imported bird, lately escaped from his cage, I'm glad to say, tells me that he has seen a little cannon at the Palais Royal in Paris that fires itself off with a pop! every day at noon. I don't know what to think about this. It strikes me that sort of cannon ought n't to be allowed. The sun has something to do with the business, he says. You'd better look into this matter, my dears; I hear there's an account given of it in a book called Roundabout Rambles.

A WATER-CUSHION.

I BEGIN to think that there is no end to the wonderful things one may learn when once one tries.

I've just heard of a big water-cushion. No one knows how thick it is; but it is as big as all the oceans in the world. A tall boy who comes to our meadow read all about it in Mangin's "Mysteries of the Ocean."

You see, if the oceans were as stormy all the way through as they are on top, they would cut and plow the lands and rocks at the bottom, tearing their way through the very earth itself. So, when God made this wonderful world, it appears he covered a very large part of it with the deep waters of the oceans, which lie smooth and still under all the storms that rend and vex the parts nearer the

top. This great body of smooth water acts as a cushion between the stormy waters and the lands at the bottom. Is not this a very wonderful thing?

WAX AND WAX FLOWERS.

I NEVER saw any wax flowers, but I've heard about them. I've been told that they sometimes look just like real flowers,—roses, daisies, lilies, or even Jack-in-the-Pulpits; but, somehow, it makes me shiver to think of them. There's something queer too about using wax for that purpose, though it comes from flowers in the first place, and ought to know just how they look. But, my children, don't ever tear flowers to pieces to get wax. You could n't find any in that way. It takes those cunning little chemists, the bees, to find the wax in clover blossoms and heliotrope and buck-wheat and mignonette, and ever so many other things. They find something else there, too, don't they?—something that you love as much as they do.

And yet, after all is said and done, I must say, as I said before, there's something about the idea of making wax flowers that I don't fancy. They must be monstrosities, after all, never mind how good the imitation may be. For what is a flower if you take away its perfume, its soul, and the fact of its being a flower—the sweetest, freshest, tenderest thing on earth?

HOREHOUND.

"I LIKE horehound candy; it is so nice!"

That is what little Jenny said, as she and her brother passed by me one day early in last autumn. In another moment, she spied a dusty-looking plant, with clusters of small white flowers growing round the stalk. She stoop'd and smelled of the flower, though it was not very pretty. I fancy she did not like its perfume, for she exclaimed:

"Oh! is n't it horrid? The disagreeable weed! What in the world can it be good for?"

Then I said to myself: "Ah! Jenny, if it were not for two growing things,—sugar-cane and that ugly little weed over which you're twisting your pretty nose,—I'd like to know how you'd ever get your horehound candy."

A FEW CONUNDRUMS.

HERE are two more new conundrums from my friend, Jack Daw:

What bankers were hardest off during the late panic? Those who could n't even pay one a little attention.

Why is a good-natured man like a house afire? Because he is not easily put out.

Here is one that I heard so very, very long ago, that I'm quite sure other Jacks have forgotten it:

Why is a son who objects to his mother's second marriage like an exhausted pedestrian? Because he can't "go" a step-father.

Classical students will please finish this sentence with a familiar article of diet: "When the Greeks looked at Plato and Socrates, they —"

Yes; that's right. They saw sages, of course.

THE LETTER BOX.

"A YOUNG FRIEND" wishes us to "tel! the children what pretty things May baskets are, and how very welcome they are as birthday gifts to May children, or as sweet offerings to invalids and to little children in hospitals, or to put before fathers' and mothers' plates on a fair May morning." A pretty May basket, she adds, can be made by trimming a paper box (a collar-box will do for a small one) with tissue paper, fringed and crinkled, so as to hang around the outside, and by sewing on opposite sides of the box a strip of cardboard for a handle. This also can be covered with tissue paper. Moss, wild flowers, and green leaves will soon make the basket beautiful; and if you have a delicate bit of vine to wreath about the handle, so much the better. Narrow white ribbon bows, with streamers, where the handle joins the basket, give a pretty effect; and for very little children, it will do no harm to put a quantity of tiny round, egg-like sugar-plums in the middle of the flowers.

"ILLUSTRATION" WORD-MAKERS.—Minnie L. G. is outdone. We announced in the March Letter Box that she had made ninety-seven English nouns out of the letters of the word "Illustration;" but hosts of boys and girls, taking it as a challenge, have sent in so much longer lists of English common nouns made from "Illustration," that we have nothing more to say. The following deserve special mention:

Edward M., of Austin, Texas, 107 nouns; M. R., Rochester (with the help of father and mother), 107; Worthington C. Ford, 114; John C. Howard, 114; Charley M. A., of Le Roy, N. Y., 115; Arnold Guyot Cameron, of Princeton, 117; L. H., of New Orleans, 128; Bennie L. P., of Rutland, Vermont, 132 (Bennie also sends 21 proper nouns); "A Young Subscriber," of Little Falls, 134 in common use, and 82 nouns found in the dictionary but *not* in common use; and Mary D. B., of Boston, who beats them all, sends 172.

ANOTHER WORD.—"It never rains but it pours." Here comes "Scribe," of San Francisco, with an English word containing all the vowels set down in their right order, and out of which he makes two hundred and fifty English words. "Scribe" says he will be pleased to hear from the girls and boys concerning this word, in next month's Letter Box.

ELLEN R. C.—Thanks for your kind letter. But what do you mean by "your stories are so interesting and funny I have had the measles * * *"? Have you no period nor exclamation point to spare? Your letter, in its need of punctuation, reminds us of the touching epitaph on a country tombstone: "Erected to the memory of John Philips accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

A LITTLE GIRL, of Freeport, Ill., writes:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In reading the Letter Box of your magazine, I noticed that a good many things were there that I am very glad to learn. Now, as a favor, I ask you if you can tell me what a runcible spoon is? It is found in J. G. Whittier's book of children's poetry, entitled "Child-Life," page 146, the sixth line in the last verse. I have consulted several dictionaries and "Zell's Encyclopaedia," and a good many other references, but am unable to get any meaning to the word "runcible." So, if you can give me the meaning of it, you will very much oblige

OSCARRETTA T.

Runcible spoons are not made now-a-days, so it is not to be wondered at that Oscarreitta did not find the word in any modern dictionary. If our little friend only could find an encyclopaedia that was published in the times when all these things happened,—when Owls and Pussies, on their wedding tours, really sailed in pea-

green boats "to the land where the Bong-tree grows,"—she would not long be kept in ignorance. But we'll whisper a word or two in Oscarreitta's ear. There's a great big, big volume called *Imagination*; and in this volume, right in among the R's, she'll find "runcible;" and, perhaps, among the B's a perfect description of the Bong-tree. Why not?

HERE is a letter which will interest many of our readers:

Cheyenne Agency, Dakota, Feb. 20, '74.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder what some of your young readers would say if they saw who was just looking over your pleasant pages. Nothing but a great savage Indian, with feathers in his hair, a big dab of vermilion on each cheek, dashed with a streak of blue, and his forehead ribbed with yellow bars, like a walking bird-cage. A red blanket over his shoulders, ragged leggings, a dirty shirt, and beaded moccasins completed his outfit,—unless I should include an ominous-looking Henry rifle, which was lying by his side as he turned over your leaves. I suppose some of them would be wanting to get behind the door, or to go off visiting; but there is no need of being afraid. He looks awfully savage, but his heart can be won by a meal or a few beads and trinkets. Most of his valor lies in his paint; and if you were to wash it off and dress him in civilized clothes, he would make a very ordinary, harmless-looking man. There are two kinds of these Indians, however. One class has been brought to live on the Missouri River, where they are furnished by the Government with food and clothing. Then there are many more who will not live on the reservations, but stay far back from the river. These you want to look out for, if you ever come here, for they not only carry guns and knives and tomahawks, but they will use them, if they have a chance, on the first white person they happen to meet. You will find these men sometimes among the other Indians on the reservation, but most of the "agency" Indians are peaceable enough. I have many good friends among these people, and they love to be in the house admiring all the little wonders of civilization so common to you all, and nothing pleases them more than to look at illustrated books and papers, and especially ST. NICHOLAS.

M—

S. T. NICHOLAS.—In sending rebuses for ST. N., dear namesake, a written statement of the symbols will answer the purpose of drawings, though we prefer to see drawings, however rough. Mrs. Elizabeth Charles is the author of the "Schonberg-Cotta Family."

H. STEUSSIE, JR., AND OTHERS.—We are glad to print German stories for translation now and then, but we cannot afford space in the Riddle Box for German riddles, as they could be solved by only a few of our readers.

ROBT., OF DEGRADW ST.—Your criticism is quite just.

OUR young friend, Nellie W., sends the boys and girls the following riddle, in the hope of receiving a solution. It is very old, she says; and the true answer, lost long ago, has not yet been found.

Man cannot live without my first;
By day and night 't is used.
My second is by all accurst;
By day and night abused.

My whole is never seen by day,
Nor ever seen by night;
'T is dear to friends, when far away,
But hated when in sight.

LILY M.—N.—Your sketches are very good for a little girl of nine years; but we cannot print puzzles founded on the name of the editor of this magazine.

F. C. G.—We are not at present in favor of opening a "correspondence column for our boys and girls." It has its advantages, but it also has its abuses, and in our opinion the chances of the latter outweigh the former.

J. G., inspired by the specimens of high-flown proverbs given in our March Letter Box, sends the following:

"The medium of exchanges starts from rest,
And puts the equine female to her best."

"CHARL."—Your communication is in type, waiting for a chance to appear.

ABOUT ST. NICHOLAS.—We cannot resist the temptation to show our young folks these two letters,—from a mother and her little daughter,—and we trust they will attribute our doing so, not to vanity, but to genuine joy at such encouragement, and a desire to satisfy certain honest well-wishers who, while they admit the fascinations of ST. NICHOLAS for big boys and girls, fear that we are not paying enough attention to little children:

Albany, N. Y., March 4th, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enclose a letter, dictated, word for word, by my little daughter, whose delight in your magazine is truly inexpressible.

Although you are doubtless surfeited with compliments, I must add a word of congratulation upon the success you have had so far in making your magazine unexceptionable,—a word that has been quite inapplicable to most of those offered to the children heretofore. Having had the care of many young people, both as mother and teacher, I have examined the children's literature of the day with much anxiety. Notwithstanding its merit and attractiveness, it is beset with snares and pitfalls that will destroy the innocence and ignorance (of worldly wisdom) that give childhood its charm and its joy. Your work is a noble one, and will yield a rich reward.—Respectfully,

ELLEN HARDIN W.—.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am seven years old. I have taken the "Nursery" two years, and now my mamma says I read it through so fast that I have outgrown it. I am very glad you have come this year, for I am sure that I would not like any other magazine as well as you.

My brother has a dog named Leaune (that is a German word), that I think is as wonderful as the Brighton cats. She can run up a tree, she will shut the door, or pick up scraps from the floor and put them in the waste-basket, and she can spell her name with alphabet-cards.

I think "The Trio" is very funny,—the sheep singing about themselves; and "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" is splendid. I love to read his sermons. I found a real Jack-in-the-pulpit last summer in the woods.

I am glad you don't love fine dolls. I keep "Lady Alice" in a trunk, but "Rosa" sleeps with me every night. Some people say she is freckled and ugly; but Santa Claus sent her to me long, long ago, and I think she is lovely.—Your friend, RUBY.

Every mail brings us letters as warm, hearty, and cheering as these. Of course, we cannot reply to them all by letter. There would be no time left for ST. NICHOLAS if we did that; but we can assure the writers that their kind words are of great help to us, and that their suggestions always are carefully considered.

So, good friends, especially you whose names are given below,—as we cannot reply to you each by letter, we desire to thank you here for your hearty words: F. H. Zabriskie, "Sedgwick," S. B. C., Minnie H., Charley A. Osborn, "Powhatan," Julia C. Lakin, J. H. F., Jessie Nicholson, W. W. W., George E. S., Edward F. P., Abbie and Lottie, M. A. W., Charlie L., Jessie L. McD., W. F. Bridge, E. P., Charles J. Fuller, F. C. G., Howard F. Bowers, S. T. N., Harold C. Powers, L. H., Meta Gage, H. Steussie, jr., Lelia Ruth Haines, Harry King, R. O. B., Annie Wilkins, E. P., Mrs. E. H. Walworth, C. M. A., Edward H. Tibbits, Lottie J. Bachman.

HORACE BUTLER.—We shall soon give a Latin story for translation.

CHARLEY J. FULLER writes: "I noticed in your March Letter Box about keeping a list of all the books we read in the year 1874, and I have commenced to do so." This is right, Charley. We hope scores and scores of boys and girls are "doing so" with you.

HERE comes a letter which makes us right glad:

Huntsville, Madison Co., Ark., Feb. 27, 1874.

MR. ST. NICHOLAS: You see we have been to work. My papa wrote out the pledge for me, and I took it to school and got the teacher, Mr. Alexander,—who is a good man,—to read your piece on birds in January number, and every single girl and boy signed it. They all thought it a splendid thing to not kill any more birds. I and my little brothers, Bennie and Frank and Dick, are going to cut some holes in some gourds that we raised last year in our garden, and hang them up in our shade-trees,—they're big, tall locust trees,—for the blue-birds to build in. We will hang them with wire, so that the little birds will have a good home for a long time to come. I send the pledge paper all signed. Don't you think this pretty good for Arkansas?

Yours truly, ROBBIE PRATHER.

Preamble and Resolution:

Whereas, we, the youth of America, believing that the wanton destruction of wild birds is not only cruel and unwarranted, but is unnecessary, wrong, and productive of mischief to vegetation as well as to morals; therefore,

Resolved, that we severally pledge ourselves to abstain from all such practices as shall tend to the destruction of wild birds. That we will use our best endeavors to induce others to do likewise; and that we will advocate the rights of birds, at all proper times, encourage confidence in them, and recognize in them creations of the Great Father for the joy and good of mankind.

(Signed)

Boys.—Hugh F. Berry, Edward Barbour, M. S. Newton, W. Van Buren, Willie Sams, Nat Sanders, George Anthony, Robert Prather, W. P. Buren, Howard A. Kenner, Bennie Prather, Frankie Prather, Frank E. Johnson, O. D. Johnson, Noah U. S. Johnson, Johnnie Moody.

Girls.—Allie A. Powe, Bell Berry, Ella Sams, Fannie Richmond, Cener Sanders, Bell Parks, Selina Copeland, Minda Bohannon, Allie Moody, Bettie Polk, Clint Kenner.

Who'll sign next? Send in your names, boys and girls,—all who wish to join Mr. Haskins' army of Bird-defenders,—big and little, young and old, and Northern, Southern, Eastern or Western—in fact, from any part of this big round world.

ROBERT R. S.—We do not know the author of the lines:

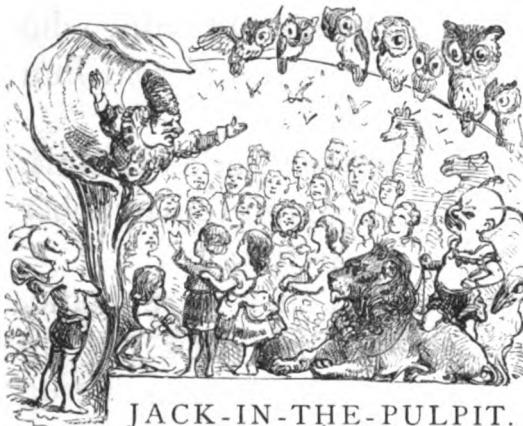
"The waves that creep to kiss the pebbly shore,
And seek forgiveness for the tempest's roar."

ALLEN F.—'s rather lengthy description of various "Curiosities in Plant Life" is not exactly suited to the columns of ST. NICHOLAS, but we willingly give the Letter Box the benefit of his off^{er} of "any portion of the article that will interest the boys and girls." His pleasant account of 'The Biggest Flower in the World' is well worth reading.

THE BIGGEST FLOWER IN THE WORLD.

On some of the East India islands, where so many queer things grow, is found a flower that measures a full yard across. Yet it has only a cup-like centre, and five broad, thick, fleshy petals. Seen from a distance, through the dark-green leaves of the vines among which it grows, the rich wine-tint of the flower, flecked with spots of a lighter shade, is said to impart a warmth and brilliancy of color to the whole surrounding scene. But the nearer the observer comes—all eagerness to see more closely—so wonderful a flower—the less does he like it. Not that the color is less beautiful; but who cares for beauty in human beings, when its possessor is malicious, disdainful, or untruthful? and who cares for beauty in a flower, when the odor is disagreeable?

So, notwithstanding its proudly brilliant color, and its great size, the *rafflesia-aromatica* will never be admired, for we are told that its "odor is intolerable, polluting the atmosphere for many feet around." Another bad trait of its flower-character is, that it is too lazy to support itself, but lives upon the labors of others. In the forests where it is found, there are many vines, sometimes climbing up the trunks of the trees, and sometimes trailing along the ground. Fastening itself to a vine in the latter position, the unprincipled *rafflesia* grows without other trouble to itself than to draw for its own use, the nutriment which the industrious vine-roots are all the while collecting from the earth. The vine must be very amiable, you think? Ah! but the poor vine cannot help itself. It cannot shake off the big, selfish flower, and can only work harder than ever to collect supplies sufficient to nourish the odious hanger-on, and have enough, in addition, for its own branches and leaves.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A REAL letter, "In care of Mr. Jack-in-the-Pulpit," all the way from Scotland! And if it is n't from dear little Cape Heath, the sweetest flower o' the Highlands, to our own Spring darling, our queen of wild flowers! Well, well. It is late, but she may not be gone yet. Read it to her, my children.

LOCH LOMOND, SCOTLAND,
Spring of 1874.

DEAR TRAILING ARBUTUS: Ye wee crimson-tipped beauties, we ha'e the hert to sen' ye sweet words, an' bid ye gang on, for aye an' aye, in yer ain bonnie way o' thrivin' an' growin'. Yer modesty an' yer sweetness wad bid ilka ane wi' ony heart love ye. Are na yer feet cauld i' the spring o' the year? We ha'e mony a blawin' wind wi' salt sea-water in it here in our hame, an' we maun grow verra strong an' braw, like fisher lads wha live amang the rocks: see it is difficult for us to ken how ye grow sae fair an' delicate in yer Western hame. We are Hielan' men, while ye are bonnie, sonnie lasses, wi' sma' white han's an' sweet faces—no' like ours; still we canna help sen' in' ye our hertfieh cheer an' love.

We ha'e scarce enough soile frae Mither Earth to gi'e us warm bed an' food, but we ha'e a way o' giein' thanks wi' a' oor purple bells an' green spikes. We ha'e been thrivin' here for mony a lang year, an' ilka spring—oor wakin' time—we maun toss oor bonnie tassels an' cups frae sheer gladness o' heart. Ye ken the spirit which is born in ilka ane o' Flower family, an' which bids us a' grow an' shine an' mak' the world the sweater an' the brighter for oor breath an' bonnie faces. Noo, God be thankit, that s' o' us—frae Scotland's banks an' braes to Italy's fair landscapes, and frae braid East to West—can aye hear an' ken this spirit voice.

Gi'e oor love to a' the fernie bairns wha live near ye, an' to yer sweet mither, wha lives under the leaves an' feeds ye frae mornin' till nicht wi' sap an' dew: to ilka bee an' birdie guest ye may ha'e, an' to a' the firs an' pines. An' noo we maun bid ye a lang farewell while ye tak' yer summer rest. May ye sleep tigh an' ha'e mony happy dreams.—Yer staunch frien's an' cousins,

HEATHER O' SCOTLAND.

THE GIFT OF THE NILE.

DID you ever hear that rivers made presents to the world?

I never heard it till to-day. But it seems that they do. The land of Egypt was a gift of the river Nile. It was in this way: Once this country, now so fertile, was nothing but a barren desert, like that of the Great Sahara, which lies near it. The river Nile had to flow through this desolate country to get to the sea, and every year brought down from the rich land of Abyssinia as much fertile soil as he could carry, and, overflowing his banks, spread it all over the sandy desert as far as he could reach. By doing this year after year, he turned the desert into a fruitful land. Sometimes he would bring down so much rich soil that he would have more than he could spread on the sandy

plain. This he would take down and drop into the sea, until at last, in the course of ages, he has built up here a triangular piece of very fertile land, called the Delta of the Nile. The whole has formed a very rich present to the world.

A BLIND SCHOOLMA'AM

HERE is a newspaper scrap that a kind breeze brought me the other day. It is a true story about an old blind woman, who, for many years, has been teaching blind persons to read with the fingers. She tells it in her own words, and if it is n't a touching and beautiful story, in spite of the dear old soul's queer way of talking, then your Jack does n't know anything about it. After telling about other pupils, she adds:

"Some women came in also. One of 'em was very old, an' deaf as she was blind. Well, 'ow to learn her to read was a puzzler, to be sure. She was very cross, and that nervous and fidgety that she could n't sit still, an' would stump across the room a-makin' a great racket whenever I was n't a-teachin' her.

"Come, mother," says I, managing to get the sense to her, "you must keep still, you know."

"'Wot's the good o' my keepin' still, I'd like to know, when I can't 'ear a word you say?' was all the reply I could get at first. The old body spoke with her fingers,

"But after she learned to read a bit she was n't troublesome at all, but would just set and pore over the Bible all day.

"'Ow did I teach her,' do you say? Well, that was rather funny. You see, in teachin' 'em you 'ave to take 'old of their two 'ands, an' that did n't give her any chance to use her ear-trumpet, which was a crooked thing about three feet long. Well, I tied that trumpet around my waist, an' by bein' careful she could keep her ear down to it, an' I could speak into it quite 'andy. She was afraid first that she never could learn, but she got along quite fast, considerin', an' I guess it was the Bible as softened her temper so."

A TRUTH

YOUNG men! It was like the song of some wonderful bird, and it made the air shine after the sound had died away; and yet it was just the remark of a brave young man who walked past me one day, arm in arm with a companion.

"Depend upon it, Tom, old St. Edmond, of Canterbury, was about right when he said to somebody, 'Work as though you would live forever: live as though you would die to-day.'"

Tom nodded, and the two walked on.

THE NEW COMET.

THESE astronomers are a frisk pretty little schoolma'am telling day; how, this Spring, the pap on April 11, from Joseph Her saying a bran spicker new into the range of their tel how, the next day, the star from America that it had t I don't know that there

I heard a it the other a telegram, Washington, just come enna, and shed back , too. ry strange

in all this, considering the stretch of modern science; but, somehow, these wise old fellows peering into the skies for what they may find, make me think of children searching the grass for daisies.

"The daisy-stars her constellations be,"

sang my cousin, the poet, speaking of the grass-sky around him; and the likeness holds good. I fancy there's many an eclipse for these constellations when the youngsters run across the grass; and when they pick a daisy-star and run with it through the sunshine, I'd like to see the comet that could beat it.

That reminds me, youngsters. Have you heard anything yet about the coming transit of Venus? Venus is a big daisy among the astronomers, and a transit is a sort of short cut past the sun. Ask your fathers and mothers about it.

THE GRASS-TREE.

IT is wonderful how much one may learn by keeping one's eyes and ears open. The other day I heard about a grass-tree. The teacher told the children (they all were on a spring pic-nic) that botanists say it is a nearer relation to the lilies than to grass; he gave it a very long name,—longer than any Jack-in-the-Pulpit could remember, but that is no great matter. The real thing is to know that there is a tree, with a trunk about one foot thick and four feet high, that looks something as if a big hay-cock that the wind has tossed and tumbled about, had finally lodged upon a stump. Its resemblance to grass is not in looks alone, for the Australians feed it to their cattle as our farmers feed hay.

A COSTLY BURIAL ROBE.

THERE was quite an excitement among the birds not long ago, when Lunalilo, late King of the Sandwich Islands, died. I did n't understand it at first, but I've since learned the reason. The good king, you must know, at the command of his old father, was buried in a magnificent feather cloak of great value, which had passed down to him through generations of royal chieftains. The editors have something about this cloak, which was published in a Sandwich Island newspaper, and I'll be obliged to them if they will add it to this paragrapm:

About midnight, the remains of King Lunalilo were placed in a lead coffin, dressed as they appeared during the day. His aged father, Kanaina, stood by to superintend the proceedings, and when the body of his darling and only child was raised from the royal feather robe on which it had rested while in state, he ordered that the body should be wrapped in the precious robe before being deposited in the coffin, saying, "He is the last of our family; it belongs to him." The natives who stood by turned pale at this strange command, for it was the large feather robe of Kekauluohi, which came to her from her royal ancestors, the Chieftains of Hawaii. Only one like it now remains, that which is spread over the throne on the opening of the Hawaiian Parliament, and which is valued at over twenty-five thousand dollars. It is no exaggeration to state that one hundred thousand dollars could not produce a feather robe one fathom square, like that which covered around the body of Lunalilo; for a million of birds, possessed of red and yellow feathers, were caught to furnish the material of which it is made.

THE GOLDEN PLANT.

I'M told that the peasants in some parts of France believe that there is a plant, which if trod upon or plucked by per *in a state of grace*,

gives them at once power to understand the language of all beasts and birds and to talk with them. But, they say, those who pluck it must be barefooted and clad in one single garment; besides, it must not be cut with iron, or the charm will be destroyed. The peasants call it "the golden plant." They say that it shines like a gold coin at a distance, but that it can only be seen by those who are free from sin.

This is only a legend, to be sure; but there does seem to be something in it. You need n't take off your shoes, my dears, nor go about the country dressed in a single slip; but if, in other respects, you are as nearly prepared to pluck the golden plant as a mortal can be, you'll understand the language of all living things—see if you don't—and love them too.

A SNAKE AT SEA.

I KNOW a bird which belongs to a boy who knows a girl who knows a lady whose sister married a man who had read every word of Governor Seward's "Travels Around the World." This, you see, gives me a great stock of anecdotes. How would you like, for instance, to hear a first-rate snake story?

Very much? Well, here it is, and it's true:

The shores of the island of Sumatra, in the Indian Ocean, are low, sedgy, and covered with "jungle," or a tangled undergrowth of bushes and vines. The tide often loosens great pieces of this sedgy shore, which float off to sea, and are sometimes found at a great distance from solid land.

Once a Dutch sea-captain thought he would alight on one of these floating islands, to see what flowers and plants might be growing there. The captain sailed close to the island, and landing, set his foot upon a big cactus stump. Hardly had he done so, when an enormous boa-constrictor raised his ugly head, and proclaimed, with most violent hisses, that he was lord of that bit of soil.

The plants might have been very wonderful, the flowers very beautiful, but the captain did not stop to examine. He did not even exchange compliments with the lord of the soil, but hastily left him to navigate his floating island as best he might.

MORE CONUNDRUMS.

I OFTEN have a queer notion that I must look something like a note of interrogation. Whether it's so or not, folks do send me an astonishing lot of conundrums. Here is a fresh lot:

Why are an artist's colors, used in painting, like a piece of pork being sent home for dinner? It is pigment for the palate:

Why is the letter E like death? Because it is the end of life.

Why is a sword like the moon? Because it is the knight's chief ornament and glory.

How can you prove that twice eleven is twenty? Why if twice ten makes twenty, twice eleven must make twenty-two.

Why is wetting a shirt-collar like kicking a poodle? Because it makes it limp.

Why is a wood-cutter no better than a stick? Because he is a timber-feller.

When your father eats his supper, what aquatic animal does he represent? Manatee.

When you set a dog on the pigs twice, what tree do you name? Sycamore—(Sic 'em more).

Why was not Pegasus much of a wonder? Because every country boy has seen a horse-fly.

THE LETTER BOX.

BOSTON, April 4th, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please put in your next number some pretty piece for a little girl, eight years old, to speak at school? My little brother Eddie is learning "The Way to Do It"—that piece you put in the April number.—From one of your friends,

LILLIE T. G.

Here is something, Lillie, that we think is just what you want. It is about the Queen of the Faires. The poem was written by Thomas Hood, the English poet, years ago, and, strange to say, very few American children know of it. We have omitted one of the verses:

QUEEN MAB.

A little fairy comes at night,
Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,
With silver spots upon her wings,—
And from the moon she flutters down.

She has a little silver wand,
And when a good child goes to bed
She waves her wand from right to left,
And makes a circle round its head.

And then it dreams of pleasant things,
Of fountains filled with fairy fish,
And trees that bear delicious fruit,
And bow their branches at a wish.

Of arbors filled with dainty scents
From lovely flowers that never fade;
Bright flies that glitter in the sun,
And glow-worms shining in the shade.

And talking birds, with gifted tongues
For singing songs and telling tales,
And pretty dwarfs to show the way
Through fairy hills and fairy dales.

But when a bad child goes to bed,
From left to right she weaves her rings,
And then it dreams all through the night
Of only ugly, horrid things!

Then lions come with glaring eyes,
And tigers growl a dreadful noise,
And ogres draw their cruel knives,
To shed the blood of girls and boys.

Then wicked children wake and weep,
And wish the long black gloom away;
But good ones love the dark, and find
The night as pleasant as the day.

J. B., JR.—Your schoolmate was right in saying that Christopher Columbus was a white-haired man for nearly forty years. But this does not prove, as you claim, that therefore the great navigator must have been nearly one hundred when he died. History tells us that trouble and disappointment had turned his hair perfectly white by the time he was thirty years old. He was nearly sixty when at last he set sail in the "Santa Maria," in search of a new world; and at seventy he died. His body was at first buried in Spain; afterwards it was removed to San Domingo, and finally it was buried in the cathedral of Havana, on the island of Cuba.

JAMES C. DELONG.—Glad to know that another boy intends to keep a list of all the books he reads in the year 1874. We hope to receive a number of these lists from our boys and girls when the year is ended.

"ORIOLE" is answered at last, and well answered, by several of her "ST. NICHOLAS" friends. She asked for the name of a city of nine letters (containing a mole, a tailor, a bat and a lamb), out of which she had made two hundred words, in none of which is any letter repeated. A number of children found out the name, "BALTIMORE;" and the following also sent well-written

lists of over two hundred words, all made out of its nine letters (without repeating a letter):

Nellie G. H. sends 215 words (but her list contains eighteen proper nouns); John A. P., of Eastport, Me., 217 words; Ella L. P., of Brooklyn, 220 words; "Carrie and Dick," of New York, 232; Celia D.—r., of Cincinnati, 255; and "Hattie and Sallie," of Providence, R. I. (to whom all the rest must bow), send 296 words.

GERTRUDE M. writes to us from Paris to say that she has just been to a grand concert, where a daughter of Thalberg played superbly. But, she adds:

The great feature of the evening was a duet. I wish all of the other ST. NICHOLAS children could have heard it. It was a piece written by the great composer, Bach, played on the clavichord by the famous pianist, Saint-Seance, and accompanied by a violin of Bach's day. The clavichord, as almost everybody knows, is the instrument that was made when the piano-forte was unknown. It is something like it, but, oh, so small, and with such very thin little legs! The music was faint and very sweet; and though the performer in this Bach piece is a splendid player, all he could do he could not make as much noise on the clavichord as a baby could make on one of our common pianos. Queen Elizabeth once praised somebody, they say, for playing so many notes in a minute,—and no wonder: for the only way you can increase the sound of the clavichord is by increasing the number and rapidity of the notes. I was delighted to find out that our present instrument received its name *piano-forte* (soft-loud), because it was capable of producing soft and loud sounds. It does seem so queer to me to think that Bach and Mozart and the other great old composers never heard their compositions played on a real piano, only on some such odd little spindle-legged *make-do*, as the one I heard last night.

ROBERT F. PEARSON wishes to know "what people mean, when they say it is too cold to snow." We think he will find a satisfactory answer in a very simple article in our March number, entitled "Making Snow."

THE BIRD-DEFENDERS.—The children still are flocking to Mr. Haskins' ranks. One dear little fellow, Fred L. B., who is too young to write and spell well, sends the following:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wold like to join in Mr. Haskins army. I wish you wold grow as large as Webster's dictionary.

John W. Smith, of Prairie City, Iowa, writes:

I have read the piece in the ST. NICHOLAS, by Mr. Haskins, and would like to join your army. If the girls and boys would not take it amiss, I would propose that they be careful not to kill the harmless little striped snakes and toads, as they are on the birds' side of the bug question.

Jennie Fleischmann, of Cazenovia, N. Y., says:

Put me down on the roll of the Bird-defenders. I will try to do what I can for the wild birds.

"Rosel," of Barton, Ala., says:

Please let me join the Bird-defenders and do all I can to help carry out Mr. Haskins' resolutions to encourage kindness to every living thing.

We wish we could print all the notes that come to us on this matter. But, as that is not practicable, we must be content with merely entering the names of the recruits. After this, however, we cannot enter any assumed names. Surely no boy or girl need be ashamed to join this army openly.

Besides the names given in the Letter Box for April and May, the birds now have the following pledged defenders: John W. Smith, Prairie City, Iowa; Fred L. B.; Louis Mitchell, Chicago, Ill.; Edward Halloway; Lily Graves, Springfield, Mo.; "Rosel," Barton, Ala.; "Ned," Brooklyn, N. Y.; Jessie A. Hall, Greenfield, Mass.; Jennie Brown, and Susie Brown, Rye, N. Y.; Jennie Fleischmann, Cazenovia, N. Y.; Cora Wallace, East Brady; Fred L. Bancroft, Syracuse, N. Y.

W. H. D.—We are glad you have asked us about the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, because, in replying, we have an opportunity to tell you, and all the other boys and girls of America who have learned to honor the late Professor Agassiz, of a noble project in which many may wish to take part. Perhaps we can do this best by quoting entire the following printed circular, as the present number of ST. NICHOLAS will reach nearly all of its subscribers before the day therein appointed. Many of our young folk may have heard of this circular already. The subscriptions to this fund, so far, amount to nearly \$100,000, and we doubt not the children's pennies will swell the amount to hundreds of dollars more. It requires a great deal of money to keep up a national museum like this.

THE AGASSIZ MEMORIAL TEACHERS' AND PUPILS' FUND.

Louis AGASSIZ, Teacher.—This was the heading of his simple will: this was his chosen title; and it is well known throughout this country, and in other lands, how much he has done to raise the dignity of the profession, and to improve its methods. His friends, the friends of education, propose to raise a memorial to him, by placing upon a strong and enduring basis the work to which he devoted his life, the Museum of Comparative Zoology, which is at once a collection of natural objects, rivaling the most celebrated collections of the Old World, and a school open to all the teachers of the land.

It is proposed that the teachers and pupils of the whole country take part in this memorial, and that on the birthday of Agassiz, the 28th day of May, 1874, they shall each contribute something, however small, to the TEACHERS' AND PUPILS' MEMORIAL FUND, in honor of LOUIS AGASSIZ; the fund to be kept separate, and the income to be applied to the expenses of the Museum.

JOHN EATON, Commissioner of Education, Washington, D. C.

JOSEPH HENRY, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.

JOSEPH WHITÉ, Secretary of the Board of Education of Massachusetts, Boston.

W. T. HARRIS, Superintendent of Public Schools, St. Louis, Mo.

EDWARD J. LOWELL, Boston.

JOHN S. BLATCHFORD, Boston.

JAS. M. BARNARD, Treasurer Teachers' and Pupils' Fund, Boston.

All communications and remittances for the "Teachers' and Pupils' Fund" of the "Agassiz Memorial" may be sent to the Treasurer,

JAS. M. BARNARD, Room 4, No. 13 Exchange Street, Boston.

JOHN GREGG.—Good! We are glad the "big fellows" of your neighborhood have joined the "Non-askers." It is a capital idea. The Non-askers are next best to the Non-takers. The Non-askers' motto is, "Mind your own business." They do not pledge themselves never to drink spirituous liquors, but they solemnly promise never, by act or word, to ask any human being to take a drink of any alcoholic beverage. We would be satisfied, as a starting-point, if every young man in the country would sign this very sensible pledge.

H. W. CARROLL wishes to know who invented carpet-making; also, who invented oil-cloth-making. Can any of our young readers answer the questions?

"BIRTHDAY."—You will find just what you need in the pages of ST. NICHOLAS,—"some good games and home amusements." See all the back numbers, and watch the new ones.

MINNIE THOMAS, OF BOSTON.—We do not know how many children President Grant has. If the Presidential office were hereditary, we should consider it our duty to be informed on this point.

FRANK E. MOREY, of Chicago, wants to know how much a telegraphic instrument, such as we offer as a premium, will cost him.

The publishers do not sell the instrument, but they will send one for seven subscriptions to ST. NICHOLAS, as stated in premium list.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to ask you a question about Mr. Beard's fish-picture, in your number for March.

We go a-fishing a great deal; Frank and I.

Frank is my cousin. He is twelve years old, and I am sixteen. Uncle Odin, whose home is in Norway, and who has traveled almost all over the world, told me that he once caught a fish off the Society Islands that had two fore legs, something like a frog's.

He said the young ones were spotted, but the old ones were striped, and very brightly colored. I looked in all the books I could find about fishes, but never saw a picture or description that at all corresponded with what he told me. But here I find, almost in the centre of your "Curious Fishes," a funny little fellow with two fore legs. I want you to please say something especially about him in your explanation.

Is he a real fish, and can he travel on the land at all?

Yours respectfully,

NAT. S. EMERSON.

We sent the above letter to Mr. Beard, and received the following reply, which will, we think, interest other boys, as well as Nat.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In answer to your intelligent little correspondent, Master Nat. S. Emerson, please say, the fish about which he wishes information belongs to the same genus or kind as the Mouse-fish, or Sea-mouse, in the illustration. (See ST. NICHOLAS for March and May.)

There are so many varieties in form and color among these fishes, that naturalists find the greatest difficulty in separating them into proper species. No two specimens seem to be exactly alike. The particular fish in question is probably nearly akin to the Walking-fish—*Antennarius hispidus*. In such fishes, the bones that answer to those of the wrist in man are greatly lengthened, and carry claw-like fins at their extremities, so that these bones form, in fact, a pair of something, resembling short, stout legs, on which the fish actually moves about on the bottom of the ocean. I am glad to see the children are interested in subjects such as these, for it has always been a favorite idea of mine that, stripped of technicalities, science presents no difficulties that cannot be readily surmounted by the minds of children; in fact, that Nature is the most wonderful and interesting story-teller in the world.—Yours respectfully,

J. C. BEARD.

"CHARL" sends the following specimen puzzle and explanation to our young puzzle-lovers. After stating that it is not new, but that having lately been revived, it is just now "quite the rage" in his household, and that he has never seen it explained in any magazine, he proceeds to business:

WHAT SHALL WE CALL THEM?

First of all, get out your paper and pencils. Now you must think of some word of ten letters. Wont eleven do? No, because, as you will see, we want every letter to stand for one of the ten digits. How will "ST. NICHOLAS" do? First-rate; but it will make a hard puzzle, because you see that the letter s is repeated, and will have to stand for both one and the cipher. However, we will try it. Write down the digits, and set the letters of the word chosen right under them, like this:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
S T N I C H O L A S

You see that N stands for three, H for six, and so on. This is called the "key." The next thing is to work out an example.

To do this, we will take any easy example in long division, if it bring in all the ten digits. Let us divide 4561098 by 237. Here it is:

237)4561098(1924533
237
2101
2133
580
474
1066
948
1218
1185
53

Now we must substitute for the figures the letters which stand for them. Put T first, and then all the others in order, and the puzzle stands like this:

TNO	1	CHSSAL	(SATIC	NN
TNO		TSAS		
		TSNN		
			CLS	
			101	
				—
			SSHA	
			AIL	
				NN
			STSL	
			SSL	
			—	

When you give it to anyone to guess, you can tell him that the letters are all contained in some word or words, which are to be

found. Though they look very puzzling at first, they are not as hard as some other kinds. There are two or three ways to work them out, but only one way which I like. It is a very pretty method, I think, and will also be good gymnastics for your mind. Let's try it. Oh! I forget; you know the answer already. But that will only help you to understand it the better.

In the first place, then, write down the digits, so:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0.

Now let us look at the puzzle, and see what we can learn from it; that will help us arrange the letters in the right order, and so find out the key-word. Remember, it is only an example in Division.

Well, you see, if you are looking sharply, that TNO "goes" into ICH 5 times, and that TWO multiplied by S equals TNO.

Now you know that ONE is the only thing which, multiplied into TNO, will give TWO as a product. Once TWO is TNO. So you see that S must stand for ONE. Put that down, so:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
S

Now, I don't see that you can find out anything more until you get down to the third multiplication, which is T times TWO is equal to 101. Here you notice that T times T equals 1. Now, I stands for some figure less than ten, because nine is the largest one there is; and so T can't be larger than three, because four times four equals sixteen, a number larger than ten. T can't stand for ONE either, because S is one. T must be either two or three. And if T is either two or three, T times T, which you see equals 1, must be either four or nine, unless there were some to carry. Set down, then, what we have found out about T and I, at one side, as follows:

T times T less than ten.
T either two or three.
I either four or nine, probably.

Now look at the next multiplication: 1 times TNO equals ALL.

You see that 1 times T equals A, it can't be smaller than A, even if there be something to carry,—and, therefore, must be less than ten. Now, suppose that T stands for three,—we know it's either two or three,—then I must be nine. But nine times three equals twenty-seven, which is a number larger than ten. So T can't be three, and you see it must be two. Also, 1 times T, which is I, equals four. Put them down:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
S T I

Now, if you will look at the place where 101 is subtracted from 103, you will see that I, which we take to be four, taken from C leaves S, which is one. C must be five. In the last multiplication, you will find the next clue. C times O equals C. C equals five, as we have just discovered. Now, what numbers are there which, multiplied by five, will give a five for the last figure in the product? One, three, five, seven, and nine. O must be one of these. O can't be one, for S is one. O can't be five, for C holds that position. So it must be three, seven, or nine.

Now, in the third multiplication, T times O equals I, which is four; and since T equals two, O must stand for a digit, which, multiplied by two, will give a four for the last figure of the product. It must be two (twice two are four) or seven (twice seven are fourteen); and as T is two, O must be seven. Now we have:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
S T I C O

Now, if you look at the third subtraction, you will see that O from L leaves S. That is,—seven from L leaves one. L equals eight. In the next subtraction, L from A leaves S. That is, eight from A leaves one; and you see that A equals nine. In the same subtraction, I from H leaves T. That is, four from H leaves two, and H is six. Put 'em down with the others:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
S T I C O H L A

You could guess the answer now easily enough; but if you would rather "reason" it all out, you have only to notice in the last subtraction that C from L leaves N, and you see that N must be three; and as there is only one more vacant space to be filled, and only one more letter in the puzzle wanting a place, you naturally connect the empty space with the lonely letter, and the answer is complete.

You will hardly ever find one of these puzzles as hard as this one; so if you have followed this one through, you will be able to solve any you may meet. I have been led to try to make this clear to you, because these examples are being used pretty frequently now, and almost everyone "gives them up" at first sight. I don't think there is any good name for them. Seems to me I've heard them called "Examples," and I just used that name; but I don't like it. Who'll give them a christening? Now you should have a fresh specimen, and

so I'll leave you one,—an easy one. The answer shall appear in the July number. Meantime, I think you will find profit in studying it out.

ORA BLATPO (RAFF ^{AB} _{os})

T I F

R P O T

R R B L

P F A P

P O E B

P I O O

P O R B

R R I

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Mary and Lotty," F. D. M., Louis Mitchell, Charles W. Booth, Mary E. Baldwin, "Plymouth Rock," "Excelsior," Byron R. D., Minnie Thomas, "Leila," Flora S. Dutton, Lilian D. Rice, Ethel J. Bolton, O. Smith, Lawrence Norton, S. J. Borden, Jas. C. De Long, H. W. Carrell, Lewis Hopkins Rutherford, Leonard Mayhew Daggett, George B. Adams, E. F. Younger, Carrie Campbell, Seargent P. Muslin, Fred L. B., Bobby Haddow.

We thank you for your kind and hearty letters, dear young friends, and wish that we had the power to reply to each individually; but the Letter Box is full, several answers being crowded out, after all, and we can only give you a hasty nod for "How do ye do?" and "Good-by," just as the last line goes to the printer.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Birdie and his Fairy Friends, by Margaret T. Canby. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

The Story of the Wanderer, by Edward H. Bath. Seeley, Jackson & Halliday, London.

Storm Warriors; or, Life-boat Work on the Goodwin Sands, by Rev. John Gilmore, M. A. MacMillan & Co., London.

Seven Years from To-night, by Mrs. Julia P. Ballard. Congregational Publishing Society.

The Heroes of the Seven Hills, by Mrs. C. H. B. Laing. Porter & Coates.

Flower Object Lessons; or, First Lessons in Botany, from the French of M. Emm. Le Maout, translated by Miss A. L. Page. Miss A. L. Page, Danvers, Mass., or Naturalists' Agency, Salem, Mrs. ss.

Animal Locomotion, Pettigrew. D. Appleton & Co.

Elements of Zoology, for Schools and Science Classes, by M. Harbison. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Croquet: Its Principles and Rules, by Professor A. Rover. Milton, Bradley & Co., Springfield, Mass.

MUSIC RECEIVED.

From S. T. Gordon & Son, New York:

GEMS FROM THE OPERA OF AIDA, BY VERDI.—Aida Waltz, Aida Galop and Aida March, by H. Maylath. Simple and effective pieces for children.

The same publishers send *TWINKLING STARS*, for the Piano—six little pieces for beginners: *Little Star* (Rondo); *My Darlings* (Waltz); *Children's Frolic* (Rondo); *Little Soldiers to the Front* (March); *Trotty Horse* (Polka Mazurka); *Little Maids* (Waltz). These six pieces are pleasing, and are suitable for the youngest beginners.

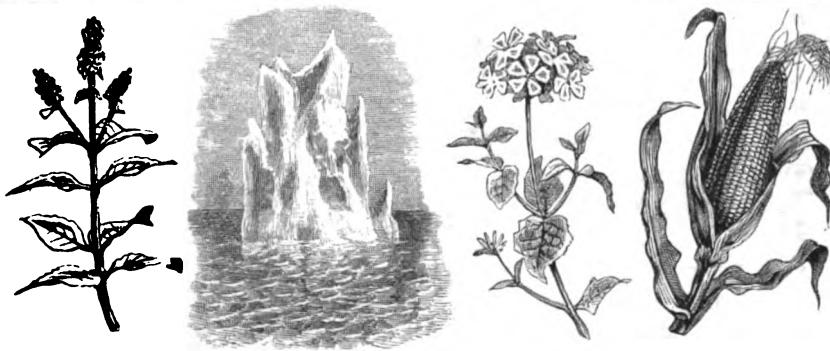
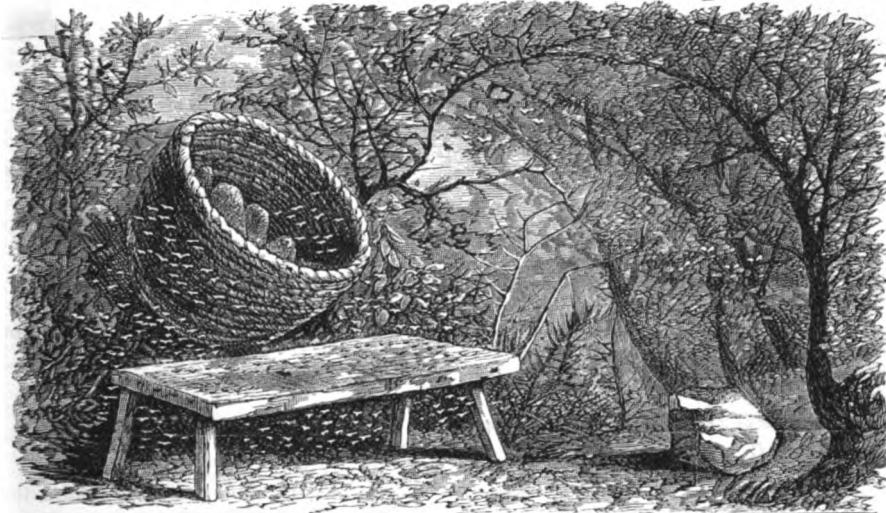
From Elias Howe, Boston:

HOWE'S MUSICAL MONTHLY, containing twenty-one pieces of music; eleven for piano-forte and ten songs with piano accompaniment.

TRANSLATIONS OF "LA PETITE PLUME ROUGE" have been received from Clara L. Anthony, Alexander D. Noyes, "Plymouth Rock," Frank H. Burt, Livingston Hunt, Ethel J. Bolton, F. Morton, Susie Brown, "Hallie and Sallie," Anna Peck, David W. Lane, Hattie P. Woodruff, Elaine Goodale, Minnie L. Read, Ella M. Truestell, Frank A. Eaton, T. E. Murphy, Sallie H. Borden, Agnes L. Pollard, Frank F. Coon, Alice Wooten, H. Curtis Brown, Mary Faulkner and Julia L. Woodhull.

THE RIDDLE BOX.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC PICTURE PUZZLE.

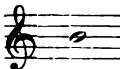


GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

TAKE a certain word of five letters, which reads the same backward and forward. Place another letter before and a conjunction after it, and you will have a city of the United States.

C. D.

ADVICE TO YOUNG ORATORS.



HITTY MAGINN.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty-nine letters. My 6, 12, 8, 19, 15, 7 is an article of furniture; my 1, 13, 20, 10 is a vehicle; my 16, 4, 23, 27 comes every day; my 22, 2, 11, 24 is an article of wearing apparel; my 14, 20, 3, 17, 18, 26 is innocently wicked; my 1, 2, 21 is a very little spot; my 5, 25, 4, 12, 29, 15, 9, 28 is a number. My whole is a piece of counsel to the extravagant.

SOME HIDDEN INSECTS.

1. HE, at length, was persuaded to enter the temple.
2. When can Thérèsa come home to those who love her?
3. There was a calf lying in the shade of the great elm.
4. It cannot be entirely finished until spring.
5. I left the design at the architect's house.

J. J.

ELLIPSES.

(Blanks to be filled by names of British authors.)

Be not so —, my friend; don't hurry so,
But stay and dine and see — will go;
A —, which erewhile roamed the — at will,
As — worthily the board will fill;
Besides, to tempt the appetite still higher,
A piece of — is — by the fire.
And to the — a caution I will send,
Great care to take it — not in the end.

H. M.

SPELLING LESSON.

SPELL in two letters: 1. A shady resort. 2. Enthusiasm. 3. A bird of prey. 4. A coat of mail. Spell in three letters: 5. To hang. 6. A symbol.

KITTY MAGINN.

AN EASY CHARADE.

My first is one of the human race;
My second is a preposition, in its place;
My third is a bloody strife too oft incurred.
My whole is useless without my third.

W. H. G.

HIDDEN WORD.

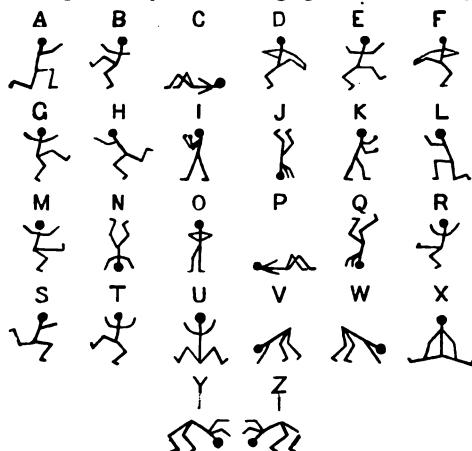
We can see that the ancient arrow heads do bless the vision of the old antiquarian, and he will see you invited to tea, after the essay is read, and double the amount you ask for the specimens. The letters hidden in this sentence spell the name of a well-known tool. L. G.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

SOMETHING NEW: THE LANGUAGE OF THE RESTLESS IMPS.—

Little drops of water, Little acts of kindness,
Little grains of sand, Little deeds of love,
Make the mighty ocean, Make this world an Eden,
And the beauteous land. Like the Heaven above.

Below is given the alphabet of the language of the Restless Imps:



RIDDLE.—Pearlash.

ENIGMA, No. 1.—Great Britain.

PREFIX PUZZLE.—TRANS: 1. Scribe. 2. Fur. 3. Parent. 4. Pose.
5. Fuse. 6. Late. 7. Spire. 8. Plant. 9. Verse. 10. Form. 11. Figure. 12. Atlantic.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER have been received from Johnnie Sherwood, Nellie Packard, Frank E. Morey, H. F. Lydecker, Etzie Allabough, V. G. Hoffman, R. S. Murphy, Louise F. Olmstead, J. A. H., Katie P. Baldwin, Gracie Payne, "F," I. Walter Goodson, Thomas L. Holt, Eddie L. Bishop, Perry S. Arthur G. Hatch, O. Smith, Isaac W. Gage, "Christine," R. L. B., Eddie H. Eckel, George B. Adams, Leonard Mayhew Daggett, Joe Dolby, May Keith, John Boyle, Sophie Winslow, Philip Gibson, Clara L. Anthony, D. and P. Nutt, Mary S. Morrill, Katie T. Morris, Julie M. French, Nellie S. Colby, Annie D. Latimer, Kate and Ida P., F. C. Griswold, Edwin and Mary Buttles, Addie M. Sackett, J. B. C., Jr., "Cambridge Place," Frank H. Burt, Thomas W. McGaw, Commodore Ruple, Charles W. Booth, Alice S. Morrison, Florence Shove, May E. Baldwin, Jeanie Case, Mamie B. Sherman, Edwin E. Slosson, "Hallie and Sallie," W. B. M., "Pansy," and Irene S. Hooper.

ANSWERS TO "A QUEER AQUARIUM"—Sarah De Normandie, Sophie Winslow, Lincoln Houghton, Philip Gibson, D. and P. Nutt, Joe Dolby, Clara L. Anthony, Edgar Levy, "Daylight," Larry A. Clarke, E. F. Y., Edith Holbrook, Katie T. Morris, Julie M. French, Nellie S. Colby, Edward R. Kellogg, Kate and Ida P., F. C. Griswold, Edwin and Mary Buttles, Addie M. Sackett, J. B. C., Jr., "Cambridge Place," Frank H. Burt, Commodore Ruple, Edwin E. Slosson, "Hallie and Sallie," "Pansy," W. B. M., and Alfred B. Staples.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE CALLED "SOMETHING NEW," IN THE MAY NUMBER, have been received from Hettie Richards, Frank H. Ulmer, Miles D. McAlister, "Flo," F. H. P., A. D. Davis, James E. Whitney, L. H. P. and F. E. L., John L. Wakefield, Irene S. Hooper, Mary Jameson, Mrs. Clara Doty Bates, R. J. D. Louise V. De Casse, "Totty," Lizzie P. Cramer, "Will," Florence Chandler, Robbie Bates, Emily Grace Gorham, Edgar Levy, Posie Devereux, Delia M. Conkling, H. E. Brown, "Clifton," David H. Shipman, Edith J. Brown, H. S. M., "Arrow," Ralph Wells, Jamie S. Newton, Isabelle E. Thompson, Lizzie M. Knapp, George W. Leighton, Alice Whittlesey, Clarence H. Campbell, Leila B. Allen, Fannie S. Hubert, Theodora Brenton, Rebecca T. Yates, Jennie A. Brown, Fred and John Pratt, W. L. Rodman, John R. Eldridge, W. L. Cowles, "Sexton," and C. W. Perrine. Others will be acknowledged next month.

QUINTUPLE SQUARE-WORD.

1. MYRIAD workers out of sight
Bring my beauty to the light.
2. Music, sentiment, and song
I afford the busy throng.
3. Monarchs will my cares endure,
While their crowns remain secure.
4. That which lawyers love to do
When their eager clients sue.
5. Narrow paths where lovers meet,
Rather than in crowded street.

PUZZLE.

FROM six take nine; from nine take ten; from forty take fifty; and have half-a-dozen left.

C. R.

TEN CONCEALED RIVERS.—James, Volga, Elbe, Red, Po, Obe, Dee, Ural, Fox, Pedee.

WORD SQUARE.—

A	R	O	M	A
R	I	V	E	R
O	V	U	L	K
M	E	L	O	N
A	B	E	N	A

CHARADE.—Cashmere.

PUZZLE.—Utensil: U XXX IL.

REBUS.—"A thing well begun is half done."

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—Siberia, Liberia, Iberia, Tiber, Tibet.

CURIOUS CROSS-WORD.—

1.	H	O	T
2.	F	U	N
3.	R	E	G
4.	C	O	N
5.	P	U	D
6.	A	D	D
7.	T	U	N
8.	M	U	N
9.	M	U	N

DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—West Eaton, Eagle Rock.

W	Y	A	N	D	O	T	E
F	E	T	T	E	R	M	A
P	A	S	S	E	N	G	B
E	A	S	T	A	L	T	O
M	I	L	L	E	T	O	N
F	A	I	R	H	A	V	E
S	T	O	U	G	H	T	O
S	C	A	R	E	C	R	O
K	A	B	L	E	T	W	N

ENIGMA, NO. 2.—Kinsale.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Messina, Antwerp.

M	—erid—	A
E	—dwi—	N
S	—ura—	T
S	—cre—	W
I	—minut—	E
N	—amu—	R
A	—about shi—	P